BETTER THAN EVER

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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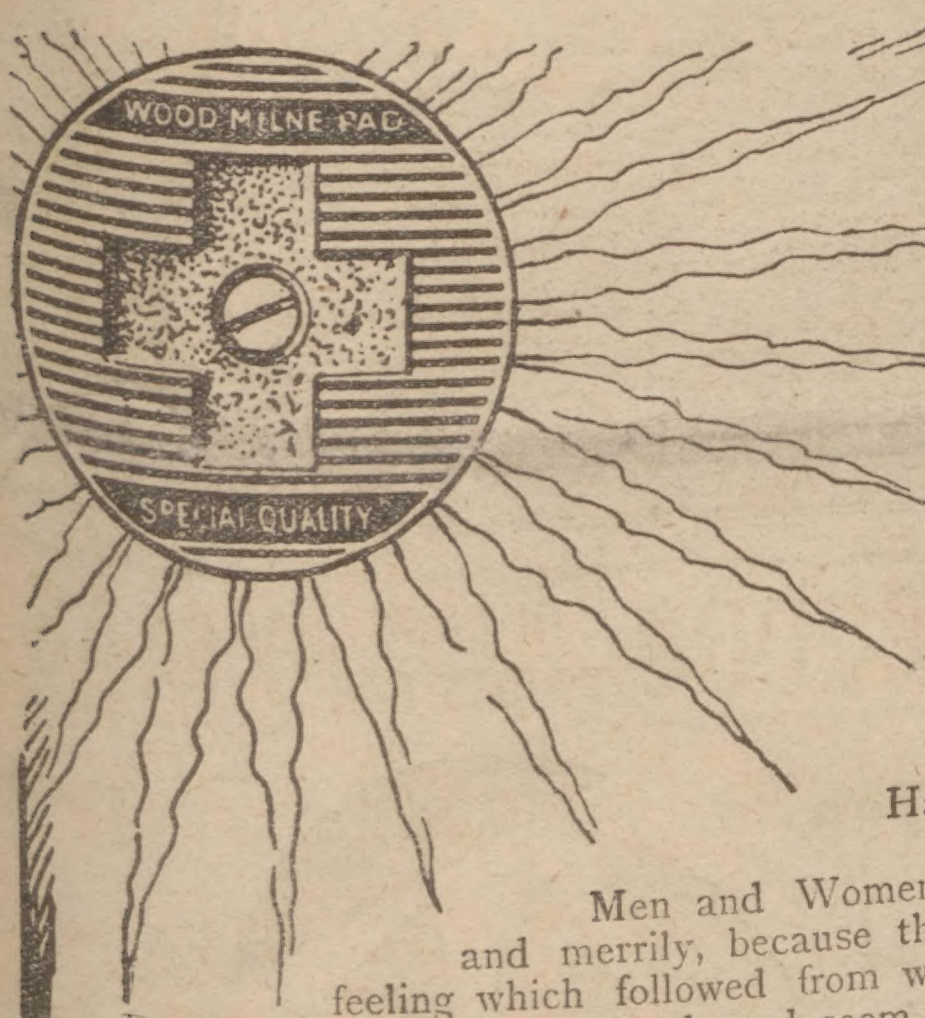

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This grand Competition is entirely **FREE TO ENTER**, and every reader of this paper can enter for it. Just for a few minutes of clever brain work you may share in the large Cash Prizes we are offering. The pieces above have to be cut out and formed into a circle. You will have to puzzle your brains for a while, but keep at it until you succeed in forming the circle, and when you have done so paste or gum the pieces on a sheet of paper and write your name and address underneath. We shall give £100 in cash to those who form the circle correctly, and if more than one correct solution is received we shall divide the money *pro rata*. Send in your solution at once. As we have already stated, this competition is **FREE TO ENTER**, and there is only one simple condition with which you have to comply, and which need cost you, necessarily, not one single penny piece. With your solution enclose a stamped addressed envelope for result, &c., and at the same time we will tell you about other Cash Prizes, value about £1,900.

THE NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO. (31 Dept.),
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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 57. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 4TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

ATMOSPHERE.

HOW IT AFFECTS A MAN.

A man is born with certain things which he cannot change—his face, for example, his stature, and his dominant characteristics.

There is one thing, however, which affects his life more than any of the characteristics with which he is born, and it is a thing which is absolutely under his own control. It is the atmosphere in which he lives.

The political atmosphere is one which yields pleasure to men of a certain type. The old squire who swears by High Church, old port, and old Toryism is one type of amateur politician who derives considerable enjoyment from what may be called his hobby.

The young man with the soft hat, carefully dented in the middle, and with the long hair, spouting at the street-corner on Socialism, is another who finds in political questions a method of enjoying himself.

The crank is another who has woven about himself an atmosphere in which he lives and finds satisfaction. Sometimes he takes up a definite scientific theory and revels in it in spite of all logical contradiction. He may assert that the earth is flat, that human beings were intended to feed upon vegetables only, that perpetual motion is a possibility, that no one should wear anything but flannel next their skin, and that the secret of happiness is two meals a day.

The preaching of his particular gospel gives him a definite and actual purpose in a life which is otherwise purposeless. Whether he does any good to the world at large is a matter of opinion, but there is small doubt that he gives his own life a definite aim by his very crankishness.

We have another type of man who has woven about himself a definite and actual atmosphere. He is the religious enthusiast. Points of doctrine and of ritual are to him the very essence of existence. The sins on his programme are definite and unpardonable. It is questionable whether he ever realises the highest truths of religion. He is not the type of man who can go out on a Sunday morning into the country, when more conventional people are at church, and see in the beauties of Nature about him a greater God than ever presided above an altar, but yet he lives in a definite atmosphere that gives his life a purpose.

There is another type of man who has created about himself an atmosphere, and it is more likely that the readers of this paper will find sympathy with him than with those I have already mentioned. He is the sporting man. I do not mean the man who follows race meetings from one end of the country to the other; I mean the man who is a genuine sportsman, and who is himself an active participant in all matters of sporting interest.

Of all the atmospheres I have discussed, I am inclined to think that the sporting atmosphere is the best and the most likely to give a man permanent happiness.

M. BRUCE.

CHEEK.

Within the last ten years Mr. Lloyd George's head has increased in circumference over a quarter of an inch, Mr. Robert Blatchford's the same, and Mr. Bart Kennedy's three-quarters of an inch. We await with eagerness information as to their bursting point.

* * *

It is untrue that Mr. Churchill's retort to Miss Garnett, the whipping Suffragette, was: "Garn, 'it 'im again!"

* * *

A writer in an evening paper affirms that "East Lynne" has been seen by more persons than any other play, not even excepting "Hamlet." It is interesting to know that a reliable record has been kept.

* * *

The Welsh are well known as a religious people, but we have received no confirmation of the report that Mr. Lloyd George prefaced a recent speech with the words, "Let us prey."

* * *

A Gaiety girl, whose professional name is Miss Doris Dewar, has just secured a divorce from a man who deserted her, &c. Evidently a lady of the right spirit.

* * *

A remarkable discovery has been made of a message sent B.C. 2000 by the King of Babylon to the King of the Hittites, which reads—"I hear you are carrying on with the King of Egypt. What does this mean?" Surely it was meant for the *Queen* of the Hittites.

* * *

Ladies are furious with Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Lewis Waller for appearing in parts wearing a beard. Nevertheless, these two gentlemen are still "keeping their hair on."

* * *

Professor Jones said at Sheffield—"You can always appeal to a schoolboy's reason." It being the seat of his intellect, no doubt.

* * *

An individual named Mr. Church makes public the opinion that—"Babies are one of the necessities of life." Ultimately, then, necessity becomes the mother of—necessities.

* * *

"Trust Trickery in the States"—reads a headline in a daily. Our advice is exactly the reverse.

* * *

Lord Charles Beresford says the Old Country has got a bit sleepy, but it has got just as good men as ever it had. All right, Charlie. We know what you mean.

* * *

If Sir Oliver Lodge is right in asserting that "telling the truth is largely a matter of culture and education," is it not time some steps were taken to provide a school for some of our M.P.'s?

E. MILLAR.

A MAN'S WASHING.

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG WAY TO ECONOMISE.

There are few people who can make a man's life so miserable as his laundress can. A cracked collar or a badly got-up shirt, or ill-washed underclothes, may mean a day's torture or discomfort before it is possible to change them.

The remedy, however, is not far to seek. Get as much washing as you can done at home. Starched shirts and collars, it is true, must be sent to a laundry, but the majority of a man's washing can be done at home.

The economy of such a plan it is scarcely necessary to point out, but, apart from that, you can usually get the work better done, and the amount of trouble involved is not so very great if you set out to save as much labour as possible.

For socks, underclothes, and soft shirts home washing is infinitely preferable, and handkerchiefs may be included, and the penny saved on each becomes a consideration.

I have heard it said that handkerchiefs never look so well after being washed at home, and that they never get the whiteness that only a laundry can give.

If this is so, and I doubt it, after a very short time in the pocket the difference would be imperceptible.

Handkerchiefs and even socks are not beyond the power of the mere man to tackle successfully, for a long soaking is half the battle.

When on a walking tour I have often set out with only one handkerchief in my pocket, and have washed it carefully every night, so that by morning it was dry and ready for use again.

Of course, I could not iron it, but on a walking tour that is a detail which is not of great importance.

Another advantage of home washing is that you can get it done as you like. With a laundry the most you can do is to pencil instructions on the shirt or collar, which are probably not read.

If you happen to live in a neighbourhood where there is not a good laundry, and such neighbourhoods are by no means rare, and if you are unable to prevail on anyone to do your washing at home, it is often possible actually to save money by sending your washing to a good place by post. The cost of postage is saved by the longer wear you can get out of your garments, to say nothing of the advantage to your appearance.

The mere fact that a laundry has the monopoly in a particular district does not entitle it to ruin your linen as it pleases.

Economy in getting your things washed is an excellent thing to practise, but economy in refraining from getting them washed is a snare and a delusion.

The average man whose work is in a town cannot look respectable without a clean collar and a clean handkerchief every day, and a man who appears before the world with dirty linen is never likely to be a success in life.

R. J. TURNER.

OVERHAULING A CYCLE.

A JOB THAT A CYCLIST CAN DO FOR HIMSELF.

When you set about taking a cycle to pieces, it is best in the first place to unscrew the nuts of the hub spindle and take the wheel out, screw off the adjusting cone and take the spindle out carefully, then take out the balls, count them, and replace with new ones any that are found to be broken or damaged at all.

KEEPING THE BALLS IN PLACE.

Clean the inside of the hub. Procure some vaseline, put some in each end of the hub, and place the balls in position, when they will be found to keep in place quite easily.

Now take the spindle, put it through the hub and screw on the cones and nuts.

As regards the free-wheel, I would strongly advise no novice to meddle with it, as if it is a reliable make it will not be necessary to clean it; and if it is not a good one—well, get rid of it and buy one that is.

You will find that one of the rollers in the chain is fastened with a small bolt and nut; unscrew this, take the chain off, and roll it up.

CLEANING THE CHAIN.

Now get a tin about six inches in diameter, place the chain flat, and pour in enough paraffin oil to cover the chain. Leave it in this oil for one whole day at least.

Take off the pedals, cranks, and chain-wheel; then take out the bracket cotter-pins; get a peg spanner and screw off the bracket cups.

Now put some vaseline in each of the cups, place the balls in and screw on one of the cups, drop the spindle down the centre from the other side, turn the frame over, keeping hold of the spindle to prevent the balls from dropping out, and screw on the other cup from underneath.

Now we come to the most difficult part of all—the head. First unscrew the head clip nut and take out the handle-bar. Get your peg spanner, screw off the head locking ring, and take it and the head clip off very carefully, at the same time pressing the fork ends on the ground, otherwise the balls will drop out and fall all over the floor.

Take off the head race and remove the balls, then gently ease the forks out of the frame.

When the forks are taken out it will be found that there are some more balls at the top of the fork crown.

REBUILDING THE MACHINE.

Take these out and clean all parts before putting together again. Put some vaseline in the crown and head races, and place the balls in. Fix the crown race on top of the fork crown, and gently work the steering tube into the frame. Then place the head ball-race in position, put on the head clip and lamp bracket, and screw down the locking ring tightly, as there should never be any shake in the head bearings.

Finally place the handle bar in the steering tube, and screw up the head clip nut.

To fit up the machine again, put the chain wheel on to the bracket spindle, fix the cranks, and drive the crank cotter-pins home. Should the cotter-pins fit very tight, hold a small hammer underneath the crank when driving it home; this will prevent jarring the frame.

LUBRICATING.

Next put in the front wheel, and then the back wheel. Put on the chain and tighten the chain adjusters. For winter riding let your chain be slightly slacker than for summer riding.

When lubricating the bearings of the cycle, just put a drop or two of oil in each.

When the work is finished, give the plated parts a thin coating of vaseline to prevent rust. And if the enamelled parts are treated in the same way it will prevent mud from sticking hard, and the machine will be easily kept clean during dirty weather.

The cyclist who follows these simple instructions, will be amply repaid for his labour, as the cycle will run twice as smoothly as before, and he will be £1 or more in pocket, as a cycle dealer charges fully this amount for overhauling.

J. T. GRIGGS.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

We have pleasure in announcing that the League has been a great success, and we would urge all readers who have not already joined to do so without delay.

The League has been founded to further good fellowship and good sportsmanship, and those who wear the badge have the privilege of speaking to one another without the formality of an introduction.

Here are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

The League Badge (Actual size.)

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

THE N.C.O.

HIS RESPONSIBILITIES AND TRIALS.

The "non-com." in His Majesty's Territorial Force seems, to the man in the street, to have nothing to do but swagger about and give orders.

But let us look at it for a moment from the N.C.O.'s point of view. It is unfortunately true that the "non-com.," especially when newly appointed, does not, in many instances, receive the support from his men which a proper spirit of *esprit de corps* should dictate. There is an old saying, "Salute the commission, not the man," and the spirit of this saw might well be applied to the man with the stripes.

In the corps to which I have the honour to belong—a field ambulance of the Royal Army Medical Corps—we have just passed through a trying time, and it is possible that my experience may be of interest to N.C.O.'s of other corps.

We were established when the Territorial Force scheme was inaugurated, and the method of making promotions was an eminently simple one. A *sine quâ non* was a sound knowledge of ambulance work, and all those desirous of winning the chevrons had to produce certificates.

By this process of elimination the number of candidates was materially reduced, and those who successfully passed this test had to give a demonstration of their knowledge of drill before a board of officers. Surely nothing could have been fairer than this? Yet, as soon as the orders for the resulting promotions appeared, a wail arose from those who were "out of it."

For some time the dissatisfaction was confined to grumbling, of which the non-coms. wisely took no notice. At last, however, some of the men went rather too far.

On one occasion, during a public church parade, a private so far forgot what was due to His Majesty's uniform as to address a sergeant in the vilest language.

Several other instances of insubordination, even on the parade-ground, took place, and the N.C.O.'s came to the conclusion that things must be put on a proper footing. Hitherto they had "let things lying down," from a natural desire to avoid stirring up strife in a new corps, but they were compelled to recognise that this very forbearance was encouraging the rowdy section.

By agreement, therefore, each stripes wrote out his complaint, mentioning only the instances which had come under his especial notice. When these reached the Adjutant he at once brought the matter to the ears of the Colonel, with the result that a much-needed inquiry was held.

Several men were severely reprimanded, and one discharged, and, much as the non-coms. disliked what they could not help feeling was something very much akin to tale-bearing, they soon found that their action had had its effect, and that they were on better terms than ever with the steady fellows, while the "lewd fellows of the baser sort," finding that it was no good kicking against the pricks, came into line.

In a corps where men are united to serve their King and country, surely there should be no petty jealousies of this kind. If the non-commissioned officer has privileges that are not extended to the rankers, it must not be forgotten that his duties are more responsible, and that, where a private escapes comment, a sergeant or corporal is frequently hauled over the coals for permitting the very breach of discipline which seems so venial to the recruit.

I have served in the ranks myself, and I know how it feels to be ordered about by a fellow who is, perhaps, one's junior in the office or at the works; but I can safely say that the non-com. is chosen by his officers for his ability and not for ability, and what I would ask of the ranker is "Give him a chance!"

Remember that the more you help him the easier he will find it; don't forget that his officer is watching him just as carefully as you are. Don't think that because he has a natural pride in wearing the stripes which he has won that he is bursting with conceit—you would feel proud to wear them yourself.

F. GARTON

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

PROFESSOR CLARK'S DISCOVERY

By WALTER MOORE.

There is no great and no small.
—EMERSON.

I.

The Professor started, and raised his head from an immense microscope that stood upon a bench crowded with chemical and electrical apparatus.

Professor Clark was not a man to exhibit signs of agitation without strong reasons; he was too well accustomed to the wonders and surprises of scientific research. But it was evident that the complicated and elaborate microscope, to the perfecting of which he had devoted the greater part of his life, had revealed something that had power to disturb the habitual serenity and to agitate the iron nerves of the most famous scientist of modern times.

With a manifest effort of will the Professor again bent over the microscope, only to start back more violently than at first. Whereupon, crossing the laboratory with uneven steps, he pressed an electric bell-push and sank into a chair.

The laboratory door was opened quickly and noiselessly, and a funereal figure, the embodiment of an ideal manservant—tall, dark, clean-shaven, and discreet—entered and stood silent, with respectfully inquiring eyes fixed upon his master's face.

"Carter, shut the door and come here.

"I want you," continued the Professor, extending his left arm—"I want you, Carter, to take your watch in your left hand, press the first two fingers of your right lightly, but firmly, upon my radial artery, and calculate the number of pulsations per minute."

"Yes, sir," said Carter, drawing a large silver watch from his waistcoat pocket and taking his master's wrist between his fingers with the delicacy and precision of a physician.

For sixty seconds profound silence reigned in the laboratory.

"Well?" queried the Professor, as his hand was gently released.

Carter deliberately returned the watch to his pocket. "Seventy-two, sir," he said.

"Ah," murmured the Professor, an expression of relief flitting over his face, "normal. Now examine the pupils of my eyes. Are they dilated?"

Carter peered through the Professor's spectacles, and the next moment withdrew his respectful gaze.

"Well?"

"Normal, sir," was the answer.

"Good," said the Professor. "Now, sit down. I wish to speak to you."

With a slight bow, Carter seated himself decorously upon the extreme edge of the most comfortless chair in the laboratory, and waited with an unmoved countenance for his master to speak.

"You know, Carter," began the Professor, "that I have devoted the past twenty years of my life to microscopic research. You are also aware, to an extent, of the result of my labours, which I have so far preserved a secret from the scientific world—namely, that I have succeeded in constructing a microscope of practically unlimited magnifying power. At the same time I have been endeavouring, by the aid of electricity, to isolate the smallest particle of matter known to science—the electron. This I have at last accomplished, and the result of the toil and struggle, experiment and disappointments of years now lies on the slide of that microscope. Get up, look, and tell me what you see."

Carter shifted uneasily in his chair.

"There is no danger," exclaimed the Professor, with an abrupt gesture. "I merely wish you to confirm my own observations."

Carter rose and moved towards the bench with undisguised reluctance.

"Now," said the Professor, "look through the eyepiece, and describe exactly what you see."

With an effort that left him pale, Carter closed

his left eye, opened his right to its fullest extent, and bent over the microscope.

"Well, what do you see?" demanded the Professor impatiently.

Carter looked up. "Well, sir, I'm not much of a 'and hat describing, but it looks like a ball about three hinches in dihameter, surrounded by blue smoke about a hinch d=ep."

"Correct," said the Professor in a tone of satisfaction; "a globe enveloped in an atmosphere. That is as much as the first power shows. Now I will adjust the lenses to the second power, and you shall look again."

The Professor manipulated some screws and stood aside. "Now look again," said he.

Once again Carter bent his head.

"What now? What now?" demanded the Professor, with growing excitement.

"Why, sir, it looks like one of them photographs of the earth what they take from balloons," replied Carter, without raising his head.

"Yes, yes!" said the Professor eagerly. "Keep as you are—keep as you are. I will put on the next power."

Simultaneously with the turning of the screws Carter uttered an inarticulate cry, and staggered back from the bench.

II.

"Marv'lous skientific 'scovery! Extry speshul!" shouted the newsboys, scampering through the thronged streets what time London was casting its millions of workers into the suburbs for the night.

"'Ere y'are! Wot matter is! Speshul! Marv'lous skientic 'scovery! Extry!"

Eager hands were stretched out, coppers chinked, and with almost magical rapidity the streets leading to the various railway termini of the Metropolis became chequered with the pink and pale green of evening papers being eagerly scanned.

In a few moments the same papers were being crumpled or dropped by trembling fingers, and stranger was gazing at stranger with eyes filled with fear and astonishment.

The papers which fell unheeded to the ground were quickly snatched up by those who had been unable to purchase copies, and the infection of fear spread with a speed that seemed miraculous.

The multitude, who a few minutes earlier had been making all haste homeward, were smitten into sudden inaction, and wandered with stupefied faces aimlessly about the streets.

In and about the country house of Professor Clark silence reigned. No sign of human activity disturbed the serene beauty of the grounds. In the distance the Surrey hills rose calm and blue above the shimmering haze with which the August sun had filled the intervening vale. Not a leaf was stirring; no voice of beast or bird floated from field or copse. The very earth seemed faint with the fiery breath of summer.

And in the deserted rooms of the Professor's house the stillness was, if possible, even more profound. The intense heat poured unchecked through open door and window, and the sun, falling westward from its meridian, shone through the casements upon scenes of motionless disorder—scenes which spake of a sudden suspension of domestic labour.

What was that?

A faint sound proceeded from the Professor's laboratory. The house, then, was not altogether deserted. The intrepid spirit whose marvellous discovery had stricken the people through their imagination in a fashion no war, no pestilence, no catastrophe of direst consequence ever had done, oblivious to aught else, continued to peer, with dauntless eye, deep into one of Nature's most awful and mysterious secrets.

Raising his head from the microscope, the Professor straightened himself with a gesture of weariness, crossed the laboratory, and pressed the bell-push.

No Carter answered his summons; no sound of approaching footsteps reached his ears.

Uttering a sound of impatience the Professor left the laboratory, but in a few moments he returned, closed the door, and sank into a chair.

"Fools!" he muttered, "ignorant fools! Frightened by the truth. Afraid of themselves—afraid to imagine what their flesh and blood and bones, the food they eat, the objects they handle, the very earth and atmosphere, aye, maybe the universe itself, consist of. And yet—and yet——"—the Professor paused—"it is an awful thought. That every particle of our flesh, each atom of food we eat, contains countless millions of—bah! I must not give my own imagination the rein, or I shall myself be infected with the general terror."

The Professor shivered slightly, and pressed his hands to his head. Suddenly he started.

"Perhaps, after all, I am mistaken. Perhaps it is all a hallucination," he murmured. "Yet it cannot be. Carter confirmed my observations. Still, I will look once more, and will do what even I so far have not dared to do—try the fifth power of the microscope!"

Advancing to the bench with a firm tread, the Professor adjusted the instrument. Again the isolated electron was subjected to the first power of the microscope. Gazing through the eyepiece, the Professor beheld what seemed a small sphere floating in a thin mist. He turned the screws, and the small sphere became a large globe.

Another adjustment of the instrument, and the field of vision was filled by a cultivated plain, with dark, confused clusters here and there suggesting towns and villages seen from an immense height.

The Professor straightened himself for a moment. "So far it is the same," he muttered. "Now for the fourth power."

His fingers trembled slightly as he turned the screws. But he compressed his lips determinedly, and again bent over the microscope.

"Ha!" he exclaimed instantly, "there has been a movement! This must be a city. Here is a river, spanned by several bridges, winding between what are surely wharves. Those regular markings, crossing each other at right angles, must be streets; and those faintly discernible moving objects are—What? I will satisfy myself. I will try the fifth power!"

Excitedly he turned the screws; and, drawing a deep breath, looked once more through the eyepiece.

"My God! living creatures! How sublimely beautiful! What forms! What grace!"

The Professor swayed back from the microscope.

"This knowledge is too great," he articulated thickly. "Impiously, I have pierced the veil behind which Nature has hidden one of her most awful and stupendous secrets; and, what is still more dreadful, mine has been the hand to disclose the frightful truth to the ignorant multitude. It will drive them mad—as it is driving me mad! Ha! ha! to think that every inch of my body consists of millions of inhabited worlds! That each time I eat I may be inflicting cataclysmic destruction upon a million universes!"

The Professor rushed to his desk, drew a shee

of paper towards him, and taking a small revolver from a drawer placed it at his elbow.

"I must save the world from madness," he whispered. And began to write.

III.

"Sooercide of Perfessor Clark! Extry! Strange confeshun! Speshul!" screamed the newsboys scurrying through the City streets.

Eager hands were stretched out, eager eyes scanned the printed lines. All around rose exclamations of relief. "Thank God!" "Thank God!" was uttered on every side.

Telegraph offices, telephone boxes were besieged; railway stations were thronged with passengers hurrying homeward with the good news. Smiles were on every face. Stranger grasped stranger by the hand.

It was as though some unspeakable horror had been lifted from the hearts of the people—as though a spirit of nameless dread had been exorcised by the short paragraph which, printed in bold type, appeared on the third page of the newspapers:

SUICIDE OF PROFESSOR CLARK.

SHOOTS HIMSELF.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS LABORATORY.

STRANGE CONFESSION.

HORRIBLE THEORY OF MATTER EXPLODED!

"This morning Professor Clark was found dead in his laboratory by a tramp who had noticed the deserted appearance of the house and had entered for purposes of his own.

"The Professor appears to have shot himself with a revolver which was found clenched in his left hand. The bullet had passed completely through his brain.

"On his desk he left a signed statement to the effect that, during a fit of mental aberration, he imagined himself to have discovered the secret of Matter; and, finding that he had published to the world a wild and alarming theory based upon the workings of a disordered imagination—a theory which must necessarily permanently injure his scientific reputation—he had decided to take his life.

"Several instruments in the laboratory, amongst them a microscope of gigantic proportions, seem to have been deliberately and irreparably damaged.

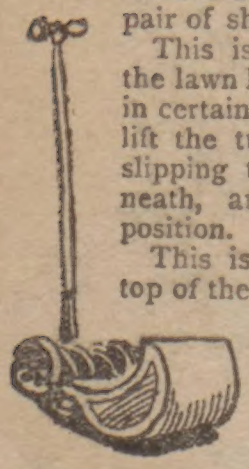
"It will be a relief to the public mind to know that there is no truth in the startling theory of Matter the publication of which already has greatly disturbed society, and of which the confirmation, in all likelihood, would have effected the disintegration of civilisation."

YOUR LAWN IN WINTER.

It is impossible to make a garden look beautiful during the winter months, but one can at least keep it trim, and, as the lawn occupies more space than the borders, it is the lawn that demands first attention.

At this season of the year the grass is very tender, and the soil in which it grows is so soft that it is difficult to mow the lawn without uprooting a good deal of it. The grass is not growing much just now, but still, it may be too long to be sightly, and you may feel that it is necessary to cut it.

If you decide to do so, see that the blades of your lawn-mower are well sharpened up. If the lawn is a small one, you can trim it with a sharp pair of shears.



This is the season above all others for making the lawn level. If you find, as you will do, hollows in certain places, make an incision with the spade, lift the turf up as you would the lid of a box, slipping the necessary quantity of earth underneath, and replacing the turf in its former position.

This is a better way than sprinkling earth on top of the grass, for when you do that you have to wait till next spring before the whole of the lawn is green again.

SECRET SIN

SOME HARD FACTS.

If the secret sins of personages prominent in public affairs were only to become known to the world, it is safe to say that the world would be both amazed and horrified.

Now and then a little of it does leak out, and it is almost amusing to witness how the confrères of the guilty person scurry to take cover behind virtuous indignation, in case it should be suspected that they are equally culpable.

Rats desert a sinking ship, and the public sinner is deserted as soon as he is found out.

There was a famous example not many years ago when the most brilliant literary genius of the day was charged with and found guilty of an abominable and unnatural offence and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Though the fairest and most charitable man could not deny that the punishment was just, it is well known in inner circles that the individual in question was the scapegoat for others.

Had *their* names appeared in the case and *their* families been dragged through the mud of shame, it is pretty sure that the people of England would have had a staggering shock of surprise.

For some of the oldest and most respected names in the land were involved.

But their connection with the case was hushed up, which was as well for our national reputation.

TYPES OF SECRET SINNERS.

The secret sin of private individuals is, at least, very limited in the harm it can do. The secret sin of public men may be never-ending in its consequences.

Private individuals, too, have secret weaknesses sometimes which they themselves would characterise as sins, but which other people, if called upon to pass judgment upon them, would describe as virtues disguised.

There was a man I knew once who was totally unable to withstand the solicitations of any beggar that accosted him.

He was an irate fellow with a brusque manner who was always declaiming against indiscriminate charity, saying that it encouraged sloth and rarely, if ever, did any good to its recipient. I believe that he was sincere in this, but his will was weaker than his inclinations.

Another man of my acquaintance consistently refuses to speak ill of any woman whatsoever; yet secretly he, by his relations with them, does much to make such chivalry false.

I am almost inclined to believe that the secret sin of would-be straightforward people is generally the thing about which they are rather fond of priding themselves.

THE HUMBUG.

The secret sin of the young man who doesn't drink and doesn't smoke, and doesn't, in short, enter upon any of the short-cuts that are understood to lead to destruction, is the sin, oftentimes, of self-conscious goodness.

The secret sin of virtuous women is not seldom their cruel intolerance for the fallen of their sex. There is nothing more callous than inability to understand.

The secret sin of the self-made man is generally his conviction that there is no other in the world quite so shrewd and intelligent as himself.

The seeing of oneself in a glorified light is the commonest, as well as the most self-deceptive, of all secret sins.

Of course there are other and uglier descriptions of the malady, of which only a hint may be given.

There is the youth who indulges hidden vice; the man who is faking his employer's books, seeking to cover up defalcations brought about by an inveterate appetite for gambling; there the man whose character is pure and unsullied at home, but who when away and as he thinks safe from discovery is an unrestrained libertine; there is the man who is hail-fellow-well-met with his pals, and subjects his wife to a persistent system of brutality and neglect.

Like the worm at the core, secret sin, when it is vicious or criminal, saps the strength of character, decays it, makes the individual worthless to himself and a source of misery to those people bound up with his life.

But public men, apart from any consideration they should have for those intimately related to them, owe a duty to that public which they are supposed to be serving, and failures to perform that duty are proportionately more reprehensible.

It is lamentable to reflect that many holding positions of trust and responsibility in public to-day are delinquents to a far greater extent than is generally recognised.

GUARDIANS OF THE PUBLIC PURSE.

Though their secret sin may not be criminal in some cases it unquestionably is—in numerous ways they fall far short of the honour and integrity that their positions demand. Self-interest and self-aggrandisement seem to be the watchwords of person and party.

The Mile End Guardians scandal was sufficient indication of the manner in which those entrusted with public funds discharge their obligations.

All the workhouse masters and matrons I have come across have been remarkable for the thoroughness with which they indulged creature comforts. One matron used to invite her friends to a dance every Saturday night during the winter and regale them with the best of meat and wine.

To take politics. Two, at least, of our leading statesmen are profligates; politicians who have charge of the individual and national welfare make their recreation in the performance of a notorious dancer, and even go so far as to invite her as a guest to political banquets.

A RUSSIAN REBUKE.

It was our humiliation to be snubbed by the least civilised nation in Europe—Russia, to wit—for allowing the intrusion into State functions of questionable women.

These things are open evidences of secrets known, maybe, among the persons concerned, but kept secret from the people. The Press, too, stood to be so outspoken and independent as never before been so effectually muzzled in respect to certain topics as it is at the present.

There is an actor-manager who commands a sickening amount of feminine adulation (in front) whose conduct with the actresses he employs is a disgrace to decency.

It has become fashionable to speak of the morality of the stage. Decidedly there are men in the histrionic profession who have made their opinion justifiable. But there is immorality prevalent among certain classes of the profession which is only condoned because the culprits are protégés of the English aristocracy.

Even the public upholders of religion are not exempt. Not a few are, in their secret lives, liars to their calling.

I can only repeat that the secret sin of those who have in custody the moral, individual and national welfare is vastly more reprehensible and, if exposed, vastly more malevolent in its influence than the discrepancies of men in private life.

I have obtained the Editor's permission to expose one of the most notorious secret sinners of modern times. Though in many quarters his name is highly honoured, he is a profligate of the most revolting type.

I shall deal with him next week.

GODFREY BURWOOD

THE MIDNIGHT WALK

A NOVELTY FOR THE NATURE LOVER.

Very few, even of the keenest among us, wait of set purpose until midnight before starting for a walk.

Night walking and cycling have enticed many men from warm firesides and sent them out on lonely roads, deserted by all but an occasional fox, crossing from field to field under cover of night, and a daring rabbit or two having a look at other highways than their own well-made runs. But between night walking and a walk at midnight there is a difference so great that only those who have enjoyed the sensations of both can fully appreciate it.

In setting out within hail of midnight, the walker is more completely isolated than at any other time. He is free from the cares, and even the pleasures, of yesterday, and he is much too distant from them to have any but a remote and vague interest in those of to-morrow.

THE QUICKENING OF THE SENSES.

His mind and body, influenced by this knowledge, become free from restricting reservations. His senses lie open to every passing impression; his ears pick out each sound from the soundless stillness; his sense of smell is quickened by the cool clear air, and he can sort out the scents of trees and leaves and ferns that mingle together in the slow-drifting currents.

Sometimes he detects the fragrant breath of cattle, and he listens. Over the hedge he hears the steady tearing at the grass as the cows go to and fro, head to earth, all through the silent hours, caring nothing for the darkness and the chill, but grazing stolidly, and giving such sweeping sighs of satisfaction now and again as sound like the sudden ring of a wind among the leaves.

He is surprised to find even the cattle astir. In the close darkness the road is an indistinct ribbon of pale white, and the hedges are almost reaching out to touch him on either side. The trees that meet at intervals are like substantial buildings, and as he passes beneath them his footsteps echo, and he feels the enclosing influence of the great branches though he sees but a dusky outline, deep black, against the open blue blackness of the sky.

As he passes from underneath their shadows the meadows seem to spring away into infinite distance, and once again he is isolated. Where but a moment before was a shelter almost oppressive is now an exposed openness, with incalculable solitude on every side.

INSTINCT REPLACES SIGHT.

What little is left in the man of primitive instinct rises to the surface and tries to fill for him the place of the sense of sight which now can scarcely do its work in the moonless midnight.

And when he leaves the road and strikes across meadow-land that swells and rolls ahead in wondrous folds—that, surely, were never there by daylight!—his own progress becomes like that of a phantom—noiseless and soft.

On the edge of a gentle slope he pauses and listens. An even, penetrating sound, composed, it seems, of an infinite multitude of little voices—indeed like nothing so much as the far distant shouting of many human beings—comes up from the blurred valley. Though he knows it is the running water of the little river, it brings something of surprise, for surely even little rivers are asleep on such a night as this and at such a solitary hour!

With every step towards the bank the river's voice grows stronger, but still retains its musical, incessant melody. He can distinguish many of the separate notes of this natural orchestra, and enjoy them singly as a trained musician does the tones and instruments that go to make the gorgeous chords of music.

The uneven river-bed contributes the greater body of the tone as ripple breaks on ripple, making little eddies where innumerable bubbles circle and burst. The stones and over-hanging branches add undertones of swirl and splash and cleaving waters; uneven banks on either side call and reply with little echoing sounds as the stream laps against the shelving earth or splashes the face of the rocks.

A hundred other effects add their several notes to the entire song of the stream, which seems to throw its voice sheer upward to the sky.

Soon the very persistence of the river's voice suggests the hum of deep sleep. It, too, has caught the spirit of spinning earth, and adds its little note to Nature's harmony of rest.

Passing along the edge of the trees the sound of whispering aspen leaves, that mimic almost perfectly the falling of soft rain, makes yet another note that holds the rambler to the stile for many, many minutes.

Then down upon the road he jumps, and turns towards home again.

C. EASTON-GREY.

OFFICIAL CURTNESS.

Why is it that the average post-office clerk is so lacking in the suaveness that one finds in practically everybody else who sells you things? Very often you will buy stamps and say "Thank you" when you get them, but the clerk does not make the same remark as he takes your money. To venture to say "Good-morning" to the average post-office clerk would be to court the stoniest and most surprised of stares.

The other day I boldly tackled one of these gentlemen, and, after being treated to the kind of stare I have described, elicited from him this.

"I will tell you," he said, "why we are a bit short-spoken. People come into the office and patronise us. They speak as if they were conferring on us a great personal favour by purchasing stamps. Now, as a matter of fact, it does not concern us one little bit whether we sell a gross of stamps, one, or none. We get our salaries irrespective of sales.

"A man hates to be patronised, and the shopkeeper only puts up with it because it pleases his customers and he gets more business by pretending to like it. With us there is none of this, and we are free to resent the implied insinuation of inferiority. Don't blame us too much," he concluded; "it's just human nature."

Another person whom I had often blamed for rudeness is the conductor of electric trains.

"If we didn't hustle the people," said a tube conductor to me, "we'd never be able to run the trains to time. People will come rushing out of the lifts and dashing on to the platform for fear they miss their trains, but as soon as they are close to the gates and know they are all right they stop hurrying. They don't seem to think that there is a crowd behind them, who must be left on the platform if they themselves are allowed to be so slow."

J. WESTON.

SWORDS.

The sword as a weapon for the infantryman necessarily began to disappear as firearms became more perfect and hand-to-hand conflicts became rarer, and eventually even here its place was taken by the bayonet.

Even the cavalry of the British Army are not all armed with the sword to-day. Very few Yeomanry regiments are armed with swords, and before many months are past the majority of the force will probably be armed with the short Lee-Enfield rifle and sword-bayonet.

Fig. 1.

The sword therefore remains practically as the weapon of officers and warrant-officers, and even these in time of war rely rather on the revolver than on the sword when they come to close quarters with the enemy.

The number of men in the kingdom who could give a good account of themselves with a sword is lamentably small to-day, and it is no longer one of the qualifications of a gentleman that he should be able to handle it.

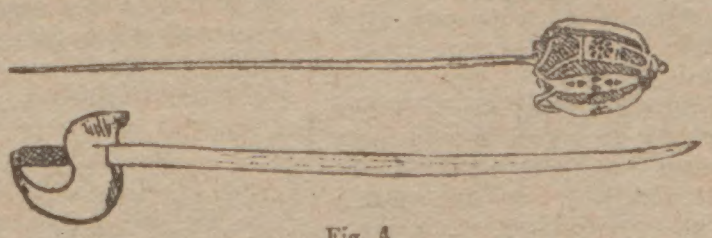


Fig. 4.

The sword has become a badge of rank and an ornament rather than a weapon, although every sword worn by officer or man has been Government-tested and proved as a serviceable weapon, and every blade is made of finest-tempered steel, though it may be plated and engraved so that it looks much too fine to be used.

Fig. 2.

Each arm of the Service has a distinctive pattern of sword, which is carefully described in the "Dress Regulations" for officers. Often the difference is simply in the hilt, and often it is so trifling as to be almost imperceptible to the uninitiated.

Fig. 1 represents the hilt of an infantry officer's sword, the openwork ornamentation of the guard being in plated steel.

Very similar to this is the sword carried by officers of rifle battalions, the difference being that the ornamentation of the broad part of the guard contains a circle surrounding a bugle surmounted by a crown.

The Royal Army Medical Corps officer wears a similar sword, but the hilt is gilt instead of nickel.

The blades of all these swords are perfectly straight, and taper gradually to a point. Unlike the cavalry sabre, they are intended rather for thrusting than cutting.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 2 shows the hilt of a cavalry officer's sword, of which the ornamentation is more open. The guard is nickel-plated and the blade is considerably longer than that of the infantry sword, besides being slightly curved.

Fig. 3 represents the sword worn by officers of the Artillery and Army Service Corps. It is the simplest pattern of all and is nickel-plated.

Of the two weapons shown in Fig. 4 the uppermost is a Highland claymore, such as is worn by officers of Highland regiments. The blade is here shown edgeways. It is considerably broader than the ordinary sword, and is two-edged.

The lower cut shows a cavalry N.C.O.'s or trooper's sword, with broad blade, solid steel hilt, and wooden grip.

Very different from this essentially business-like weapon is that of which the hilt is depicted in Fig. 5, and which is intended rather for show than for use.

Fig. 5.

This is the sword worn by field-marshals and general officers. The grip is of white ivory, and the blade is heavily chased and curved after the fashion of a scimitar.

A. H. MAUDE.

What Our Readers have to Say

THE FRAMING OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

It was my good, or bad, fortune to have to start on my own very early in life, and, as I am working over a hundred miles from home, I have had more than a little experience of lodgings.

The furnished bed-sitting room is equipped with most of the necessaries, but a man likes to have on the walls his own special pictures and other small possessions.

I have been able to secure a large number of interesting photographs, some of my friends and some of celebrities, and from time to time I have had these framed, side by side, in half-dozens, till now I have no less than eight such frames on the walls of my room.

After I had the first batch framed, I began to notice a fact which has guided me in the framing of others. It was that there are some photographs which in time pall upon you; you get tired of them, and you would almost rather look at a blank piece of paper.

I have provided for this by having all my recent frames made so as to take photographs of any size approaching that of the picture postcard, and when I get tired of a photograph I simply take it out and put in another.

I find it a good plan also to have some of the mounts cut longways and some up and down, for this gives a variety to the frame as a whole.

A narrow frame of dark oak, with a veneered mount of the same colour, looks best of those I have, and it was by no means expensive.

MAKING IT UP.

We all at some time or other, if we possess a spark of spirit, are apt to get drawn into arguments that leave us a bit estranged from our best pal, and unless we speedily find a means of narrowing the breach our different opinions have caused, we are in danger of losing that confidence and trust that exists between real chums as a penalty for our misunderstanding.

We know, as we are often advised, that the best and proper way to regain the old footing is frankly to admit our fault if we prove to be in the wrong, but if we still stick to our separate opinions it puts a different colour upon the matter.

Begging the other's pardon would be a comparatively easy task if it was not for the pride and hatred we feel at being the first to give in, for showing the white feather is not at all consistent with the feelings of the modern man.

How, then, are we to surmount the obstacle of pride in our endeavours to be again all in all to the pal whose friendship we value, and whom we are on the point of losing, and how are we to do it in a manner that detracts nothing from our determination not to surrender?

In my own opinion, nothing succeeds like playing into the hands of the late chum.

If you happen to oppose him in billiards or tennis, for instance, let him win a couple of games right off, or if he is in the same footer eleven, feed him well, and give him every chance of shining and netting the goals, so that he gets the praise that should in a measure be yours.

It's a bit hard, but better and far easier than begging his pardon, for you will find that nothing tends to make him forget old feuds and put him on the old terms with you like being able to beat you at your favourite game, and you can take a licking cheerfully, for if he's been a good pal he's worth it.

TRENCHING A BED.

As this is the time of year at which little can be done in the garden except the making of new beds and the digging over of old ones, a few words on the right method of doing this may be useful.

It is technically known as "trenching."

Let us suppose that you have a long strip or border to make up. If it has not previously been a flower-bed, you will need to use a pickaxe; if it is merely an annual border or a temporarily empty bed, a fork or a spade will probably be sufficient.

Start at one end of the bed and dig a trench from back to front about a foot wide and eighteen inches deep.

The earth that is thrown up must then be transported to the other end of the bed, in a wheelbarrow if the distance is considerable.

Now widen the trench so as to double its width—or, rather, dig a new trench alongside the old one, and fill the latter with the earth that is thrown up.

If you continue in this fashion until you reach the end of the bed, filling one trench with the earth that you take out of the next one, you will finally, when you reach the other end, have a trench waiting to receive the loose earth which was transported from the first one dug.

By this means the bed is completely dug over in a way that would be impossible if the work were done promiscuously and without method.

If manure be dug well in at the same time, the producing powers of the flower-bed will be enormously increased, and even poor soil can be greatly enriched.

HINTS TO CANARY BREEDERS.

As I know that lots of young men go in for canary breeding both for pleasure and profit, a few hints as to their winter treatment may not come amiss.

Keep your birds in as even a temperature as possible, but if you are obliged to lower it during the night just go to the trouble of covering the cages over with a piece of baize or flannel.

Don't, if you want to sell, expect to get very good prices for your young stock this side of the spring, unless yours is a noted strain.

If you happen to be an ambitious novice and want to buy, the wisest thing for you to do is to go to a well-known fancier and put yourself in his hands; let him set you up in your hobby.

If you try to purchase the birds yourself, relying on your own unformed judgment, you are likely to come to grief, and you are almost certain to be led away by a specious salesman.

Neither should you be induced to waste money in sending birds about to shows until you can be certain from personal experience that they stand a fair chance of being "looked at."

OUR PARAGRAPH PAGE.

Send us a paragraph about something a man is interested in, something you are interested in yourself.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

Don't exceed 300 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. H. Williams, 11, Dovedale-street, Barry, Cardiff, for "Making it Up."

CATALOGUES AND ECONOMY.

I am an inveterate collector of catalogues, and I am sure that my collection saves me a considerable amount each year.

It may be rather rough on the firms who produce the catalogues which I receive in reply to a post-card after seeing an advertisement in some paper or other, but if their goods and prices are more satisfactory than those of other firms, they get what custom I have to give in their line.

I live in London, and so do not feel bound to support any local industries and pay local prices.

I have the catalogues of most of the big stores handy, and if I want to buy anything of any value, I always compare these lists and go first to the stores which sell the article at the lowest price. If the quality is satisfactory I buy it, and sometimes pay several shillings less than I should have done elsewhere.

Various other things I get direct from wholesalers, whose catalogues I have obtained by replying to small advertisements in the daily papers. By this means I sometimes pay half the price that a local retailer would be obliged to demand.

It may be said that if everybody dealt on this plan the retailer would be ruined, but one of the fundamental laws of political economy is to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. I look on the saving of money in such ways as a matter of business, in which sympathy or sentiment have no place.

A PLEASANT EVENING.

Well, this is my idea of it: A nice bright fire in my own special den and two pairs of feet in the fender—mine and a pal's.

A fox-terrier lying just between us on the rug, the rug, by the way, one of my own manufacture representing a good day's rabbiting and several days' taxidermic skill and real hard work.

A pipe of cool tobacco apiece, from which we watch the rings above our heads lazily.

A Toby jug on the table at our elbow, full of the nearest approach to the "Brown October" of our grandfathers.

Over the chimney a photo of the best little girl in the world to meet my eyes when I raise them.

A book if I want it, and a yarn when my pal feels inclined. That's mine—what's yours?

HOW TO MANAGE A SHY FEEDER.

I happened to become the possessor some little time back of a horse that was what is known as a shy feeder.

He was everything to be desired in all other particulars, but a most troublesome beast to cater for.

Many a good horse is fastidious and apt to be faddy over his grub, but this one was the worst it has ever been my lot to deal with.

He was the despair of his groom, owing to the way he messed his food about, wasting a good deal of all he was given.

He refused the articles other animals take with avidity, even the much-vaunted locust bean of which equine authorities speak so highly of, so he was a perfect nuisance over his oats.

After trying him with all sorts of things—concentrated and so on—I found he relished bruised potatoes and throve on them, and that he would eat apple parings greedily. I tried mixing his corn with linseed meal, and he condescended to eat it that way.

Then he refused dry food altogether and would only take it damp, or else mixed with whatever green stuff I could get hold of.

By accident I discovered he was inordinately fond of sugar, and I attribute his fine glossy coat and general condition to the indulgence in this article of diet.

But every now and then he demands a change of food.

As some other reader of THE MODERN MAN may have a horse similarly addicted, my experience may be of service to him.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SAINT REYNARD.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

Because the truth of this story is vouched for by "Buster" Cottenham, who is easily the most accomplished romancer who ever told a tale to a private clientèle of stay-at-home backers of racehorses, you must hear the circumstance even as I heard it, and form your own judgment accordingly.

"Buster" Cottenham wears short, groom-like side-whiskers, corduroy riding-breeches, cloth leggings, and a black coat only on Sundays; but he is the most adequate "head lad" who ever did all the trainer's work in a steeplechasers' stable. He has more than a nodding acquaintance with fox-hunting, is an enthusiastic follower of the Newmarket Drag, and fears nothing but bad luck.

Should you ever visit the stable over which he virtually presides in all but name, he will doubtless conduct you to the little shed at the end of the yard, which is glorified with the name of "office," and if he thinks you worthy of his confidence he will exhibit to you the mascot of the stable—a fox's mask almost grey. Whereby hangs a tale. And this is how Mr. Cottenham told it to me when the rain was smoking over the blue downs outside the little clumsily-puttied window-pane, and chestnuts were in the process of roasting upon the closed stove.

"You've noticed that fox's mask, sir?" he said, settling himself cleverly in the half-armless wooden arm-chair. "Well, seein' as it is the sole ornament in this luxurious annexe to one of the 'cleverest' steeplechase stables in England, doubtless you have. The Old Man has sworn that not a lick of whitewash will he buy for this here office until we have won the Grand National at Aintree.

"Perhaps Saint Reynard—named after the mascot up there (observe the inscription)—will bring it off. Next National 'll be his second go at it, but yours truly won't have the mount, you can bet your last half-crown. Havin' been let off once with a horrible warnin', I 'aint takin' it on again, thank you!"

Mr. Cottenham bared a muscular forearm and showed an artistic scar.

"Yet I might ha' known that there would be some sorry happenin', for that very mornin' the Saint up there—he wasn't in a glass case then—fell from his perch and lost his glass eye.

"If you look, sir, you'll find that the left eye of the Saint is slightly contrarious to his right. I never could get that glass eye properly matched, the old Irishman who had the honour of stuffin' the mask havin' been scratched out of all engagements long ago. . . . I often wonders, you know, sir, whether the Saint minds havin' his eyes different—sounds silly, don't it? But superstition was always at a short price with racin' men.

"I'm a man that ha' seen more ups and downs than a scenic railway. It was durin' one of my 'downs,' as you might say, that I came into the possession of His Saintliness grinnin' up there.

"It was all through me introducin' the noble sport of fox-huntin' into the wilds of Ballyshackle. If you hain't heard of Ballyshackle, I may as well tell you right off that Newmarket Heath on a rainy November day is a king to it, and, stuck up in the top corner of the West Coast of Ireland, it's about as accessible as a member of the Jockey Club in race weeks.

"I was improvin' the shinin' hour in multifarious ways there. The family I was servin' were called the O'Hallaghans, and my position in the household was briefly: Stable-boy in the mornin' between 6 and 8 a.m.; carriage-cleaner up to 11 a.m.; groom or coachman, if required, till one o'clock had struck; and head footman drivin' out with O'Hallaghan senior in the afternoon when he went a-visitin' his nearest neighbours—about four miles distant.

"In me spare time I could always find a job polishin' up harness, cleanin' saddlery, or schoolin' some of the young blood over jumps. Occasionally the family *en masse*—there were a baker's dozen of 'em—would come down to the stable and ask me to tell 'em all about Newmarket and fox-huntin' in England, and all that.

"Now, though I says it as shouldn't, no tipster in or out of Newmarket could give me an ounce at pure romancin' when I fairly warmed up to the subject. Besides, when I was describin' a fictitious huntin' run I used to sit across my chair like as if it was a horse, and that baker's dozen used to be so sort of hypnotised by the generous flow of imaginative descriptive matter that I'll swear they often waited for that bit of broken-down Maple and Co. to jump.

"Excuse all this self-praise, which, as the proverb says, is no recommendation. After all, it ain't always an advantage to be able to lie like truth, because in time you get to tellin' the truth as artistic as if it were a lie, and consequently no one ever believes you.

"Well, the O'Hallaghan family are pretty numerous, as I have stated, and their ages ranged from twenty-five years downwards, Miss Kathie bein' the only filly in the bunch.

"I fired their young imaginations to such an extent that, to cut a very long story short, nothin' would satisfy 'em until a meetin' of the whole countryside had been called and the Ballyshackle Foxhounds were established on what prospectus writers would call a firm basis.

"Nor did the hunt lack its huntin' parson, for Father O'Donahue, of the Church of St. Michael and All Saints, Ballyshackle, was one of the first to weigh in his subscription, thereby bringin' on the creakin' shoulders of his old white hoss a responsibility beyond parish visitin'.

"Now, Micky O'Hallaghan senior, besides bein' made M.F.H. by unanimous resolution of all Ballyshackle, also constituted in himself the secretary, treasurer, and general boss of the whole show. He started answering advertisements without consultin' me, wherefore you won't be surprised to learn that the twenty couple o' hounds that turned up at Ballyshackle station one exceptionally rainy mornin' comprised a selection which would have made bygone huntsmen of the Quorn, the Pytchley, and the Meynell turn in their graves in sheer anguish.

"In their vague, ramshackle way the Committee had, in addition, decided to preserve foxes in the country. Meantime the Hunt had to rely on bagged foxes, and old Micky O'Hallaghan, stumped at last because there were no advertisements for his facile pen to answer, consulted me on this head. I promptly undertook to provide one bagged fox for the first meetin' of the Hunt, and we left it at that, while I entered into correspondence on the matter with a friend of mine who don't live a thousand miles exactly from Leadenhall Market—where such things can be obtained.

"In the meantime, all was nervousness and preparation, Miss Katherine O'Hallaghan bein' more concerned over her habit than anything else. She intended to cut out the whole of Ballyshackle, as befitted the only daughter of the worthy M.F.H.

"Miss Katherine, I noticed one mornin', was buried in the huntin' photos in the 'Sportin' an' Dramatic,' and, from what I gathered, I scented shocked times for Ballyshackle.

"Wonderful to relate, not a spot of rain was droppin' over the Ballyshackle country on the mornin' of the openin' Meet of the Ballyshackle Foxhounds. Everything was complete. I had put our youngest stable hindrance through his facin's as a Whip. I had created meself Huntsman to the Ballyshackle Foxhounds, and all was ready—bar the fox, which my pal from Leadenhall Market was somewhat slow in producin'.

"However, after I had spent a sleepless night tormentin' my brain on the subject, the fox turns up at Ballyshackle Station.

"Now *I* had asked for a young fox. The trouble was that my pal's notion of a young fox coincided with the present Government's idea of an Old-Age Pensioner.

"When I peered at our quarry, which smelt somethin' pungent in a box, I had me first shock that day. The second was, on arrival at the Meet, to discover that Miss Kathie was not present.

"Father O'Donahue, mounted on his old white hoss, was chattin' very confidential to the Master who was lookin' so bad-tempered that I thanked my stars that he probably wouldn't know a young fox from an old 'un. Besides which he would be flattered at the knock-kneed hounds makin' a kill, which they were certain to do on the openin' mornin'.

"Well, after a lot of cheerin' and shoutin' from the attendant villagers we were soon bang away, with as much swank and style as if we were the Quorn, me bein' the Huntsman drawin' an opulent salary besides perks. You should ha' seen the skill with which I laid those alleged foxhounds on!

"We were off in fine array when hounds finally picked up the scent—that is to say, by sheer luck and my guidance.

"You should ha' seen the M.F.H.—seventeen stone if he was an ounce—leadin' the field with all the confidence of a Master in the Leicestershire country. After that you had but to turn your eye on the Priest mounted on the old white hoss with the scraggy tail to almost roll off your own trusty steed a-laughin'.

"How I kept up my place with dignity, heaven only knows! The nags weren't used to all this poundin' along over the sludgy hills and dales of dear old Ballyshackle, and none of 'em were precisely Eremons at any weight, a jog trot bein' more agreeable to their constitutions.

"Well, there was me doin' the honours and goin' through the Ritual of Foxhuntin' all correct with the 'Yoicks' and the 'Gone aways' and the 'View Halloas,' and all that, the field kindly supplyin' a more or less feeble, but soul-racking, echo.

"After a time the O'Hallaghan family got into trim, and then the hullaballoo was enough to frighten any God-fearin' fox right out of the country for ever and a day.

"A rise in what you gentlemen would euphoniously term the undulating country showed us the Old-Age Pensioner hoppin' it really creditable for his years, and makin' a straight line for the blue hill far away, whereon stood the Church of Saint Michael and All Saints.

"Excitement was somethin' tremenjous. We swept up that dip towards the church like a field of Derby horses makin' the final spurt at Epsom. Father O'Donahue was fairly with 'em, too, breakin' the heart of the old white hoss by inches.

"Ahead was the Old-Age Pensioner goin' somethin' gallant. Up the hill he slinks right to the church walls.

"Then before you could say Jack Robinson—hop and skip—he jumped through the little vestry window clean as a clown through a circus hoop!

"Thus the Ballyshackle Foxhounds experienced their first check.

"'Give us the keys and let the baste out, Father!' cried the boys in chorus.

"'Never!' says Father O'Donahue, risin' in

his stirrups and holdin' up his hand like a saint in a stained-glass window.

"'Sanctuary!' he says, 'sanctuary!'

"'Sanctuary be blowed!' says most of the young bloods in the field—or something similar.

"But no sort of argument could move old Father O'Donahue, who was never, in ordinary life, such a stickler for etiquette as all that.

"The old gentleman got off his white hoss, and, rollin' up his sleeves—lord! he had got a pair of arms, and *no* mistake!—says, 'I can read what is in your hearts, me bhoys! Those who want to break into this vestry must have a word with me first.'

"Quite twenty-five gentlemen dismounted from their nags for the express purpose of havin' a word with Father O'Donahue, and the noise they kicked up beat Babel pointless.

"Father O'Donahue, after tryin' in vain the effect of raisin' his voice above all the din, held up his hand to silence 'em.

"'Give me two minutes, me bhoys,' he said. 'Two minutes, and, by all the saints, hold your noise, ye blayguards!'

"A little abuse bein' miles in front of peaceful persuasion with the lads o' Ballyshackle, there was quiet instantaneous.

"The Reverend Father spoke through the vestry window.

"'Have ye found the cassock?' he says, gently.

"'Yes,' says a sad little feminine voice from the inside, 'but it's like being in an old black sack, your Reverence.'

"You should have seen the blank amazement on the faces of the lads o' Ballyshackle, for it was Miss Katherine's voice that fell upon their ears.

"'Far better raiment, my daughter,' said Father O'Donahue, 'than the truly disthressin' garment which you intended to wear before all men, had I not happily met you, and——'

"'But a divided habit is not a disthressin' garment, Father!' said the colleen, 'and though they might have made a little more of it while they were about it, you can bet your bottom dollar this is *the* very latest thing in ready-made habits from the West-End, and chance the ducklings!'"

Here I had to interpose.

"Hang it all, Buster," I said, "I'm sure no colleen ever expressed herself like that!"

"*I'm* tellin' this tale, sir," said Mr. Cottenham, "and I'm givin' you the sense, not the exact words. However, to continue with the epic, not a single member of the Ballyshackle Hunt would that fine old sportsman, Father O'Donahue, allow to enter and rout out the fox. So we let him go into cover, so to speak, and waited for the Old-Age Pensioner to break out of the main doors of the church, me noble self decidin' that he should have a very fair start indeed, as befitted an old stager who had no right to be over-weighted in the race. You'd be surprised, but even huntsmen have hearts—especially Ballyshackle huntsmen.

"Five minutes went by, . . . and then ten had gone——

"Within a quarter of an hour Father O'Donahue comes out lookin' as solemn as death.

"'Follow me, bhoys,' he said, and takin' off their hats, like as if it was a Sunday, the 'bhoys' followed.

"Father O'Donahue said nothin', merely led the way very slow like, and you only wanted the organ playin' somethin' really sweet to make it all complete.

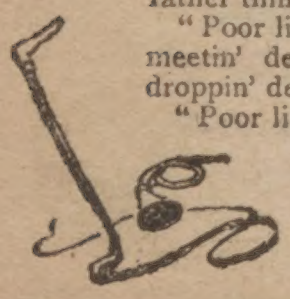
"'The last place,' says Father O'Donahue, 'I thought of lookin' for him!'

"We had come to the altar, and there on the first step lay the Old-Age Pensioner, stretched out, very peaceful, with a beam of glorious sunlight from the east window throwin' a circle of gold round his poor little still form.

"I don't think any of us said anything at all. Some of us sort o' coughed and turned away. . . . Poor little Saint Reynard! . . . . . Yes—excuse me for bein' a bit of a soft-hearted fool, sir!—the Reverend Father gave me his rather thin little old body.

"Poor little Saint—not killed in open field and meetin' death as a good fox should—but just droppin' dead beat in his old age!

"Poor little dev—Saint, I mean."



ONE STEP FORRARDER

A MAN'S FEELINGS AT THE VARIOUS STAGES OF HIS CAREER.

I suppose the first step of any importance in life that I took was getting born, but unfortunately I do not remember much about that.

The time when I really set my foot on the first rung of the ladder was when I first went to school.

I can remember yet how I dreaded it; how I cried myself to sleep—I was only a kid of seven—every night for weeks beforehand. It was my first step into the great world, the first time I had left my mother's apron-strings, and I funked it.

I think I should funk it now, if I had to go back and go through it again, for I had a pretty rotten time at the beginning. I was small and not a little timid, and I suppose there are bullies in every school.

My mother had read "Tom Brown" to me, so I knew something of the ways of bullies, but I wasn't prepared for all the torture I went through during those first few terms.

THE FIRST SCHOOL.

There were one or two "big fellows" just twice my age, and they got no end of fun out of us little chaps.

One of them, I remember, was called Coldham, and it was a stock jest to ask some small kid "if he liked Coldham." If he said "No," as he had good reason to do, he got a thrashing from that worthy. If he weakly said "Yes," the reply was, "Oh, then you like cold pig," and the wretched youngster was drenched with cold water, which perhaps saturated the bed he had to sleep in.

They weren't all like that, thank heaven! There was one fellow who more than once saved me from their clutches, and befriended me in many little ways—and I wanted a friend, for I was horribly homesick.

He is helping to govern India by now, and has forgotten all about me, but I shall never cease to think of him with gratitude, though we never met after my first year at school.

That was my first step, and I am not sure it was not the biggest of them all. The first time a man leaves his home, however early in his life it may come, is always imprinted deep upon his memory.

THE NEXT MOVE.

Then came the migration to a big public school, and the fight began all over again. I had been somebody at the first school—in the footer fifteen and the cricket eleven, and at the head of the school. Now I was less than nobody, merely a "new man."

Yet how good even that phrase sounded! I had become part of a great institution, with all its traditions, its possibilities for friendship, and its slang. I was prepared for bullying here—it was to be expected in a big public school; but somehow it didn't come—or perhaps it was that I could stand up to it better.

It was a big step, but it did not impress itself upon me like the other. The sensations, maybe, were too similar.

Then came the plunge into the great world. I was free—free from the petty tyrannies of discipline and school routine, free to do as I liked—at least, so I thought—and with my own way to make in the world.

I was on the brink of manhood, that age when the conceit of youth is greatest, and nothing seems too big to be attempted. I had made up my mind as to the profession I wanted to follow, and that was enough. Everybody sure to be clamour my services; it re only for me to award to the highest bidder.

Then there were of bitter disappoi months of crushing and heart-searching.

Again and again I for positions, and my fications, which had ap so brilliant, seemed meagre every time them on paper. I be give up hope.

And then came m job. I shall never the feeling of m importance and terro which I began my first the office. I had g opening at last; would show what I co But there was such a learn, and I who thought myself omniscient was now in dread of putting my foot in it and making irreparable howler through my ignorance.

MY FIRST EARNINGS.

Never shall I forget, either, the first day held in my hand money that I had earned—fairly and worked for. It meant more to me all his wealth to Crœsus.

I have held posts in other offices since posts of greater responsibility and import and I have interviewed other prospective ployers, but the feeling was not the same.

To the average man his first day at schoo his first job are the outstanding features of h until he comes to the greatest step of all, he links himself irrevocably, for better for for richer for poorer, with the woman of his

That is a step I have not reached as yet who knows what the future may hold?

D. P. NEEDH

BURNED VESTS AND SHIRTS.

There are few cigarette smokers who have several of their vests and shirts damag the falling of a piece of smouldering tobacco

It happens usually when you are sitting easy chair or in a railway carriage, smoking reading. A piece of burning tobacco dro your clothes, and you do not become aware fact till you perceive the smell of burning when the damage is unfortunately done.

You should make it a practice to flick or t off the ash from the end of your cigarette time to time, and, if you find that the ci is burning unevenly and that while one aglow the other half is unconsumed, you sho once break off the unconsumed part, for neglect this precaution it will burn from neath and fall upon you.

In the case of a shirt, one of these ci holes matters little, for it can readily be p or sewn together, unless it comes at the side tie, where a mend is noticeable.

In the event of burning your jacket o vest, it is best to surrender the garment to for repair. He can slip a piece of the m in beneath the hole and darn down the edge silk in such a manner that the repair is not to the ordinary observer.

If you prefer, for the sake of cheapness, the repair done at home, make sure that w is doing it for you knows her work, and pe her, above all things, to get some thread the same colour as the cloth.

Some women have the idea that either b white thread will meet all contingencies, the majority of cases a repair made with these is unpleasantly apparent.

The careful mending of a hole like this all the difference between a decent-looki and a shabby one.

FAST AND FIERY FOOTBALL

POINTS ABOUT THE NORTHERN UNION GAME.

The Northern Union County Football Ties are now in full swing, and excitement reigns among followers of the N.U. code throughout Lancashire and Yorkshire.

What was the origin of the Northern Union? Well, early in the "nineties" disputes arose between the Rugby Union and certain Lancashire and Yorkshire Rugby clubs on the question of professionalism, and particularly the payment of working-men players for broken time."

The Lancashire "lads" and Yorkshire "tykes" are typically sportsmen, and they are, and are very keen on their football. Many of the players in the Lancashire and Yorkshire clubs were working men. They played for love of the game, but at the same time they could not afford to play for "love."

The clubs wished to pay such members for the time that they gave to football at the expense of their trade earnings. The Rugby Union declared that such payments made professionals of the players receiving them, and, neither side being willing to give way on this point, many of the best Yorkshire and Lancashire Rugby clubs seceded to form the Northern Union.

Into the merits of the dispute it is unnecessary to enter but it is certainly a strong point in favour of the Northern Union that it insists on its members being genuine working men, or, at all events, having means of support other than their football wages.

A GAME, NOT A PROFESSION.

It would be idle to deny that soft billets are sometimes found for famous Northern Union players, who are set up in snug little businesses which do not require very much personal attention. But on the whole the Northern Union clubs insist on the principle that a player should have a trade and work at it when not playing football, so that when his football days are over he should not, as often happens with the "amateur" professional, find himself without any means of support, and the best years of his life gone without his having learned a trade that will keep him.

In this the Rugby Union has the support of its interpretation of amateurism.

The Northern Union principle is to pay a man a wage which will enable him to play the game without cost to himself, but at the same time not such a wage as would make it worth his while to devote his entire time to football.

THE N.U. RULES.

When the Northern clubs seceded from the Rugby Union they not only established the principle of payment for "broken time," but evolved their own game, and a very fast and fiery game indeed is Rugby as played under Northern Union Rules.

The chief points of difference between the N.U. and R.U. codes are as follows:

First, the N.U. side numbers only thirteen (evidently they are not superstitious up North) as the fifteen players of Rugby Union clubs, the thirteen being divided into six forwards, two halves, four three-quarter-backs, and one full-back.

Then under N.U. Rules a try counts three points, and any goal, whether placed from a try, or dropped from a mark or penalty, 2 points, whereas under R.U. Rules a goal from a try, or a mark scores 3 points, if dropped from play, 4 points.

But the great difference between the N.U. and R.U. games, and the great beauty of the N.U. code, is the abolition in the former of that wearisome scrum and touch-line play which did so much to make Rugby unpopular as a spectacle.

When the N.U. was formed, Rugby was at a low ebb, at least so far as drawing "gates" was concerned, and the promoters of the N.U. saw that, if they were to succeed financially, they must make the game more attractive from the spectator's point of view, and to this end they abolished the throw-in from touch.

At ordinary Rugby, when the ball goes into touch, both sets of forwards line up, and the ball is thrown out to them. Sometimes a forward catches it, and either runs or passes back; but as a rule the ball is "knocked on," either deliberately or unintentionally, and a "scrum" is formed. Frequently the ball comes out of the scrum only to be put into touch again, which means another line out, another scrum, and so on, in monotonous procession.

KICKING OUT OF TOUCH.

It is an advantage at Rugby to kick into touch, and good touch kicking is one mark of a first-class back under Rugby Union Rules.

In the N.U. game, however, as at Association, nothing as a rule is to be gained by putting the ball into touch. In most cases it is against your side to do so.

Anyway, under N.U. Rules, when the ball goes into touch, the other side punt out from the spot where the ball went out of play, and the usual procedure is to punt the ball high in the air so as to give your forwards time to follow up and get on the ball before the opposing backs can secure it.

The punt out from touch will often place the side taking it in a scoring position, and therefore it is to the interest of both sides to keep the ball out of touch, which means fast and continuous play.

Further, the six forwards aside mean short, sharp scrums and quick breaking-up of the forwards.

A LIVELY GAME.

The N.U. game, in short, ensures the ball being almost continuously in play and the players ever on the move—running, passing, and dribbling.

N.U. football is a fiery game, fought out at a tremendous pace, and when a man is tackled he *is* tackled.

It may be added that the N.U. has its own League, conducted on Association League principles but it is the County Cup-ties that provide the prime excitement and draw thousands of mighty-lunged Lancashire and Yorkshire football enthusiasts.

EDWARD BLACKHALL.

WHATEVER YOU WANT.

It does not matter what you want—provided it is a thing of masculine interest—you can get it either by replying to the advertisements on our Readers' Sale and Exchange page, or by inserting a brief notice on your own behalf.

A shilling enables you to insert an advertisement twelve words in length, and in twelve words you can make your meaning pretty clear.

SOME EASILY LEARNT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

AND A FEW HINTS ON HOW TO PLAY THEM.

Of course, the easiest instrument of all to play is the piano, and anyone who knows his notes can quickly, by means of a Vamp Instruction Book, which can be obtained for about a couple of shillings or perhaps less, manage to play his own or a pal's accompaniment to comic songs.

But for those who are musically inclined, but to whom the piano does not appeal, or who are ambitious to shine at sing-songs or smoking-concerts, there are other instruments that do not require the talent of a musical prodigy—the mandoline, for instance, the guitar, and the banjo.

But it must be remembered that a good ear is essential, as these instruments must be tuned by the performer.

In selecting one of these three, the mandoline may be recommended. It is not a costly instrument to buy—indeed it may be easily purchased second-hand through the columns of the weekly papers.

It forms a charming accompaniment to a tenor voice and a sentimental ditty, and it is not at all difficult to learn.

To play it, the performer may either sit or stand, as he likes.

The correct attitude in the latter case is with one foot on a chair.

A ribbon may be attached to the mandoline and slung over the player's left shoulder, as when the Italian serenades his lady-love.

The mandoline is tuned in fifths. Double strings are used, and they are of wire. Each pair of strings are tuned alike. They are set in vibration by means of a plectrum made of tortoise-shell, and shaped something like an acorn.

The different movements which may be made with the hand are briefly as follows:

The Stroke, which is a downward movement away from the player.

The Pick—an upward movement towards the player.

The Alternate—the stroke and pick combined.

And the Tremolo, which is the alternate use of the stroke and pick executed rapidly.

To play the mandoline, hold the instrument by the neck near the nut in the hollow between the thumb and fore-finger. The fingers should be so placed that they almost touch the strings.

The novice mus not forget to press the strings between the frets—not on them.

The plectrum must be held between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand lightly, and the wrist ought to have great freedom of action.

Broadly speaking, anyone who can play the mandoline can soon play the guitar.

This instrument differs from the former in a few particulars.

It is played with the fingers, and is a larger instrument. It has six strings tuned in fourths—with one exception between the second and third, where the interval is a third in order to bring the first and lowest string to exactly two octaves.

There are other instruments besides those mentioned.

The concertina, for example, is one which a novice can easily master, and those who are inclined to sneer at this old-fashioned instrument should hear "Dutch Daly" perform on it, and they will come away with a high opinion of its capabilities in the hands of an expert.

The flute and other wind instruments may appeal to some amateurs.

And there is another musical instrument of great antiquity which finds many admirers in the present day. This is the dulcimer, which is played on by hammers held in the player's hands.

For those to whom novelty is a desideratum, the balalaika, the Russian national instrument, which is somewhat similar to the mandoline, but more primitive, may be suggested.

It is certainly an instrument worth cultivating, for it has great possibilities.

F. J. PARTRIDGE.

WHERE MEN FORGATHER

XL.
THE CLUB.

Thanks to the customs of a hundred years ago, and to the comic papers which cling firmly to many popular fallacies, the club is to most people a place where erring husbands and wayward bachelors spend riotous evenings which extend into the small hours of the morning, and where they lounge about in abandoned attitudes and immaculate morning coats or evening dress.

But club life is not what it was in the palmy days of White's or Almack's, when young bucks used to stake country houses on the cards, and order pistols for two and coffee for one, and all the rest of it. The average modern club of any repute, whether in London or anywhere else, is the most desperately solemn and sober place.

There are, no doubt, a few exceptions; among them, perhaps, the Savage Club, the headquarters of all that remains of the old Bohemianism, to whose famous "smokers" I referred last week.

After eleven o'clock or so at night the average club is almost deserted. Here or there is a man reading a book or newspaper, or a couple of men chatting in a corner of the great smoking room, but though the clubs may see more life for a short time after the theatres close, empty rooms and yawning waiters are often the rule after ten o'clock has passed.

THE WHEREABOUTS OF CLUBLAND.

Clubland in London is but a small area that lies between Hyde Park Corner and Piccadilly Circus. In Piccadilly, St. James's, and Pall Mall are the old-established clubs where a man may wait ten years for election and then be called upon to pay an entrance fee of forty guineas. But in the side streets off these main thoroughfares, and in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross, where a colony that caters rather for the business man has of late years sprung up, are numerous smaller clubs with less luxurious premises.

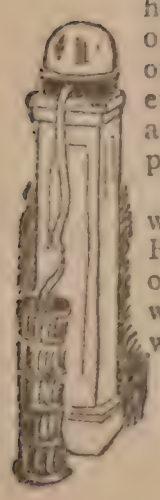
These are the clubs that are typical of modern club life. Most of them are founded on some common interest, as are the Golfers, the Auxiliary Forces, the Public Schools, or, ostensibly at least, the National Liberal.

For the student of human nature there are few more interesting places than the gigantic smoking-room of the National Liberal Club, with its lofty roof and tall ceramic columns, about lunch time.

A MOTLEY CROWD.

It is filled to overflowing with the most motley crowd of men imaginable—men of all ages, men of all classes, types, and religions—and the blue haze of smoke from many cigars floats over the men who really make the wheels of business go round.

They are not the distinguished men—the figure-heads. These are to be found at the Athenæum or the Carlton. But the National Liberal is one of the cheapest clubs in London; it has no entrance fee, and no long waiting list, and, above all, it makes no searching inquiry into a man's political views.



Here are two hard-headed business men, of whom one at least shows signs of a decidedly Hebraic origin, quietly fixing up some big deal over coffee and cigars. Here in the alcove by the window that looks out across the river to the wharves on the Surrey side are two younger men—barristers maybe, or Government clerks—who have not met since the days when they rowed in the same college boat.

Here again is a gentleman farmer, plainly betraying his country origin and his unfamiliarity with the club he so seldom visits, and there one of the "regulars," an old fellow who practically lives at the club and reads "The Times" through every day of his life—bar Sunday, when he devours "The People" by way of a little mild excitement.

But in the smaller clubs one finds an unpretentious social life and good fellowship that cannot exist either in the luxurious and expensive West-End clubs or in the cheaper club with an enormous membership.

Here lounge coats and tweeds are the order of the day; even Norfolks and breeches make their appearance unashamed, their wearers having dropped in to change and lunch at the club before going to spend their Saturday afternoon on some suburban golf links.

THE USES OF A CLUB.

That is the key-note of the modern club. It is a convenience, not a place to live in or kill time in; a place where one can lunch or dine with greater comfort than at a restaurant; where one can enjoy one's coffee and a smoke in peace, and be sure of congenial company; where one is free from the tyranny of the tip, and can get the latest news from all over the world by tape machine or "ticker."

It is a haven of rest where one can keep a dress suit and change in comfort; a rendezvous where the moments of waiting for an unpunctual friend may be beguiled by any of the newspapers or magazines, or a book from the library. To many men this is an important consideration. To be able to keep in touch with the papers is often important from a business point of view, and few men can afford to buy them all.

A SECOND HOME.

The country member finds a homeliness that no hotel could give him, and his club provides a place where he can meet and entertain his friends.

There is a quiet peace and order about club life that is very refreshing to the man who lives in the rough and tumble of the greater world, and is equally deadening to the man who spends too much time in the club. Everything is in its proper place, every little convenience is provided, anything in the nature of a makeshift is unknown.

Men speak in undertones for fear of disturbing their neighbours, and only in the dimly-lit billiard-room or the card-room will you hear occasional sounds of merriment.

Yet there are occasions when a man may well be thankful for the peace and quiet of his club.

PETER GILCHRIST.

"Say, Bill, did yer read in the paper about that there woman what a man thought 'e'd killed and then buried in the gardin, and then wasn't dead, but scratched 'er way up agin?"

Said the other: "No. I didn't, but if I buried my old woman, I'd bury 'er face downward, so the more she scratched the deeper she'd go."

* * *

LADY (behind team, to coachman): "What's that nice light horse?"

"Flea-bitten-grey, Miss."

LADY: "Indeed, and what bit the others."

NIGHT DOGS.

WHICH IS THE BEST HOUSE-GUARD AND WHERE SHOULD HE BE KEPT?

It was the axiom of an old ex-burglar that two best things to keep out thieves were strong locks and a small dog loose in the house.

You can't silence it or get near enough to poison it, as you can a watch-dog chained up in the yard.

The yard dog also is prone to give false alarms. He bays the moon, or howls at a neighbour's cat.

So personally I give my vote to the small, active canine guard which is kept indoors.

Fox-terriers and Irish terriers make excellent house-guards, and have really wonderful powers of crimination.

An Airedale is also an excellent watch dog to keep in the house, for he is sufficiently powerful to do more than merely rouse the household.

The dog which is to be trained as a guard should be taught to give tongue on hearing any unusual noise, or at sight of a stranger.

He should be given only a light supper, the other substantial meal being served early in the day.

The object of a light repast is to keep the animal well on the alert, so that if a thief in the night should appear he will not be caught napping. A heavy supper, by tasking the digestive powers, makes the dog drowsy and dull.

Water should, of course, be always within reach.

It is far better to allow the dog his liberty and not to confine him in the kitchen, for instance. On the contrary, encourage him to make periodical rounds of the house—let him patrol, in fact.

A mat should be placed in some convenient corner out of draughts, to which he can retire when he chooses.

Of course, in a large country house, a larger dog may be chosen—such as a deerhound or mastiff. Either of these makes an ideal personal guard, and he will be a bold man who ventures to invade their territory.

House-dogs sometimes take an inveterate dislike to the postman. This is generally because that individual teases them and rattles the letter-box incessantly and quite without excuse.

But it is often very annoying to be awakened by the dog barking and growling at the arrival of the early post.

A collie I once possessed carried his detestation of the postman to such an extent that he would eat up any letters he could get at.

If the night dog has to be kept outside, a weather-proof kennel ought to be provided, well filled with clean straw or other bedding.

Apropos of kennelled watch-dogs, I may mention an instance of their usefulness or the reverse.

I was staying at a country house up North during a severe winter. Two dogs were kept out in the stable-yard, and they howled so incessantly on account of the cold that it resulted in my host leaving his warm bed in the wee sma' hours and unchaining the poor brutes and giving them house-room until the morning.

It was a common occurrence to have to go out on a dark night with a lantern, just to see what they were barking at—generally some imaginary thief of their own.

If it should happen that you are obliged to go out after dark in somewhat lonely and ill-frequented localities, take a dog with you.

But he must keep either to heel or only a few yards in advance to be of any real service.

For choice the mastiff is far and away the best personal guard a man can have. He never leaves you far from you. He is always suspicious of strangers. He is a silent observer, but when he speaks it is to some purpose.

A bulldog is an ugly customer to tackle, and will keep to heel; and a Scotch collie can make things very unpleasant to the genus tramp.

For a lonely walk there are three things to be desired—a stout heart, a thick stick, and a dog that loves you.

G. S. PA

A TERRITORIAL SKETCH.

COAST CONCENTRATION

BY JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

It was but a coastguard station stuck up, a white-painted wooden structure, on the lip of easterly England, but there were vehicles standing outside it, which allowed even *me* to think, on that particularly somnolent afternoon in mid-August.

Here, amid this bunker after bunker of sand, soft and tiring enough to walk on, were bicycles—actually bicyles!—fitted with certain iron clamps which spoke only of rifle-clips. These were evidently the property of Territorial cyclists, wherefore I did not hesitate a moment, but made straightway for the open door of the coastguard station.

A coastguardsman, who was grasping a telescope with which he turned every now and then on the sun-reflecting sea, greeted me more or less inquisitively, and politely asked my business. This being rather hard to explain satisfactorily I said nothing, and merely indicated the bicycles with a wave of my hand.

"Oh," he said shortly, "you're one of them, are you? Doing the plain-clothes spy business, I suppose. My gawdfathers! What masqueradin', what child's play, what piff——"

"Here, you shut up, and let the man pass here, coastguard!" called a cheery voice from the unseen gloom of the inside.

Then it was that my face lit up with joy, for I had stumbled across Corporal Paulet and his "Man Ready"—under whose auspices I had once spent a night under canvas. Then the world was discovered because I was among friends.

"Here," said Paulet, as I stepped into the board-floored, speckless little office, "you see us hard at it! All on the *qui vive* for the first tinkle of yon polished telephone bell. Then that means boppin' it sharp, first of all carryin' the jiggers over half a mile or so of beautiful soft sand, which you must admit is a cheerful job. But you imagine the peril you stand in, my boy. Yes, you! You needn't look so much like that chap Surfrey in 'An Englishman's Home,' I tell you. It's war—sanguinary war to the knife—and the enemy may be expected to land at any moment. What the deuce do you think we're here for?

"Manœuvres, I should think," put in the coastguard irritably. "Not but what I 'ave found you nice young gentlemen, sir, and free—uncommon free."

"But that beer was uncommon sour," Ready observed, blushing.

"Yes, he's started on beer," said Paulet, lightly. "Ginger ale isn't reckoned good for us to ride on, as you might say.

"Hallo, what's that? Yes, we've got our special wireless here. Do you know anything about coherers and so on?"

"I don't," I replied, truthfully enough.

"Well, I'll show you," said Paulet obligingly. At the end of ten minutes I knew precisely as much as when I started—that is to say, nothing whatever.

"But what about these invaders you keep talking about?" I asked suddenly.

"Oh! they may land anywhere," said Paulet.

"You're going in for realism with a vengeance, then. Don't tell me that you've got a regiment of seasick Terriers afloat in a tug off the coast here somewhere!"

"Keep your hair on. I sha'n't, old boy. No; I'm serious. What's-'is-name's brilliant idea to follow the wheeze, my noble consumer of Stephens' blue-black? Here we have a length of coast-line to defend, from Cromer to Southwold—bit of a distance, certainly. Very well; it is assumed that they may make their attempt at any point along that coast, and in that case, my wholesale dealer in flowery verbiage, our job in modern warfare would be to concentrate as big a force as possible on that coast-line at the part where invasion was threatened.

"Then, observe our general tactics. Each of the cyclist companies in the county desires, of course, to be first on the scene of action—an element of competition introduced by General What's-'is-name. It is the General who will at a certain time decide precisely when the supposed enemy will make an alleged landing. Then there'll be alarums and excursions, buzzings and hummings of the wires, tinkling of telephone bells——"

"A reg'lar tin 'Ades on wheels," put in the coastguard sorrowfully. "Thank 'evins, though, *we* aren't the only unoffendin', one-eyed station, that's—er—invaded by these 'ere dev—gentlemen, I mean."

"No," said Paulet, with evident joy; "the scheme is comprehensive. Actual war conditions, beloved of the authorities, have given us a free hand. What better line of communication than the coastguard stations all along the coast?

"Some are connected by telephone, others with the wireless installation, which, between you and me, I am rather a dab at. Ready fancies himself a bit at that sort of thing, too, don't you, old man?"

Private Ready said nothing. He seemed to be deep in calculation. "Fetch me a map, James," he said to the Coastguard.

"Coast-line or me latest photograft?" asked the coastguard, bitterly.

"Coast-line, and be quick about it," said Private Ready. "You don't seem very anxious to assist your gallant defenders, my boy."

"Is it defence or defiance?" asked James, sneering horribly. If ever I met a man who did not believe in the uses of the Territorial Force that man was James of the pointed beard.

"Thanks," said Ready briefly, and, winking to me, added, "You will now pick loopholes, and prepare this place for defence against the blood-thirsty enemy, James."

"War!" said James, placidly; "I don't believe in it! Why, my boy, you might shoot some decent chap who, if he met you in his own country, would be the first to ask you to come and have a drink. That's what I don't like about war. It isn't good for the licensing trade, in which, you can take it from me, I have an interest. There's a nice little widder as keeps the 'Crumpled Cow,' and——"

James winked expressively.

"Pity she doesn't confer a little of her sweetness on the beer," said Ready, shuddering.

"But look here," said Paulet, "even an Englishman's pub must have defenders."

"I believe the Volunteers—*beggin'* your pardon—Territorials—would cert'n'ly put their 'eart into that noble work," observed James, scathingly.

"The question under discussion concerns coast-defence," said Paulet sternly. "Now, describe the country, giving full description of declivities, cover, and so on."

"Sand," replied James—"merely sand with a few stones in it."

"No cover." Paulet dotted this down in a dilapidated notebook.

"No good cover for miles, if that's what you mean by all that fandanglin' nonsense about declivities," James remarked, pulling angrily at his pipe.

"It's just the sort of place where, if they was once to land, they'd fair eat us up alive, you know. And so it 'ud mean diggin' trenches. Trenches, my gord! Some of yer who can't dig a nib into a respectable bit of blotting-paper 'ud look well, I *don't* think!"

"James, you are unkind; you lean towards the cruel!" said Corporal Paulet, thoughtfully tearing a blank Government report sheet into fragments. "And you won't have to entertain us much longer, you know. We're only waiting for the call, and then we've got to race for it hell for leather. We sha'n't stop to weep on your manly shoulder, James. Besides, you might be nice to us, for I don't suppose we shall be on another little job like this for, perhaps, quite a year."

"Thank—God!" said James, fervently. "Not, mind you, that I object to you gentlemen *as* gentlemen. It's as Vol—Territorials, I mean, that I raise the bloomin' bar against you. You kid yourselves up too much. You reckon that you're a bit more than a force on paper. Shouldn't be surprised if you reckoned yourselves soldiers, either!"

"Perhaps you consider *your*self a *sailor*," observed Private Ready, with considerable emphasis.

"'Sort of a kind of cosmopolouse,' Paulet quoted dreamily. 'Sailor and *policeman*, too!'"

"Kind of you to say so, I'm sure," said James. "But I 'ave my uses."

"And abuses," added Ready, reverently.

"Quite right, sir; and one of 'em is havin' the bloomin' Territorial Army knockin' about my little wooden hut," said James, drawing himself up, and plainly conscious of having scored.

"Not half bad for you," observed Private Ready patronisingly. "You see, we *do* help to brighten your weary existence a little. Besides, look at the wholesome instruction *we* get out of it. Most fascinatin' subject, 'Coast Concentration.' Captain's gone mad on it, and he's got mobilisation forms written out already, and is only praying for a war—to prove the efficacy of our organisation. That's what you call being keen, if you like."

"But I don't like," retorted James wearily. "That's what makes me fair sick, to hear you and your bloomin' swanky little officers clamourin' for war—always wanting blood.

"War! why, as I tells you, you don't know what war means. I seen a bit of it when I was what even a crowd of bloomin' tin soldiers like you might have called a sailor—only we hadn't got a deck beneath our feet; we was sweatin' about with 4·7's and such-like little playthings."

"Doing the cosmopolouse act again," remarked Paulet. "Sailor and soldier too this time. Good old James!"

"Don't you be so bloomin' familiar, young gentleman," said James. "But what I says is, you stick to your playin' at soldiers and preparin' and all that sort of thing, but don't you go hankerin' after a taste of the real thing, because it ain't all honey when you gets it, and that's straight."

"Hallo! What's up, Murray?" asked Corporal Paulet of one of his men, who bent in puzzled fashion over the telegraph apparatus.

"Don't know. This tick-tack arrangement is goin' like blazes. What does it mean?"

"Thought you people knew everything," said James, smoking comfortably.

"Not on that dam' thing," Paulet admitted.

Opportunely, the telephone bell rang out.

"Ah, they're calling us up!"

"Hallo! Yes. Are you Winterton? Right. I see. Enemy supposed to land at Palling. Gad, that's a bit of a distance from here. Company to concentrate on Palling at once? Righto. Ta, ta!"

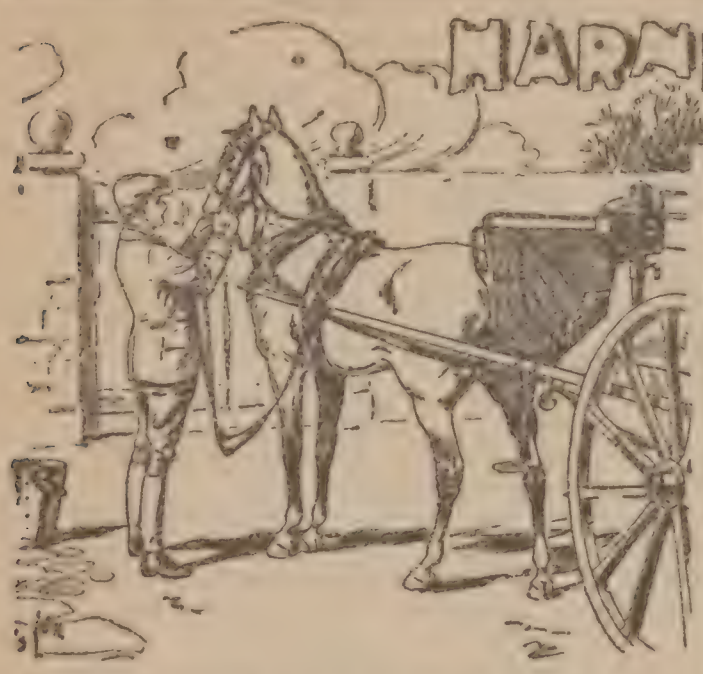
He slammed the receiver down, and, saying no word to the coastguard, he bolted out, swiftly followed by Private Ready and the others.

The offensively neat James surveyed the wreckage of his trimly-kept office.

"Gone for ever!" he said, dramatically, "and may they never come back! Coast Concentration—bah!"

Which last comment I am *not* inclined to echo.

HARNESSING A HORSE.



SOME HINTS ON HOW TO DO IT.

There is a right and a wrong way of doing everything, and there is usually a fairly good reason for adopting the right way in preference to the wrong one.

Yet in harnessing or saddling a horse, for instance, how many men trouble about how they do it, provided that they get everything in its right place at last?

By doing it the right way, however—and in such matters the Army way is usually the right way, for it is the result of long experience and is carefully formulated—one can save time and trouble, and also avoid all risk of danger from the animal, as well as ensuring that it will not suffer from being badly harnessed.

If you think it out, you have probably a very good reason for the method in which you put your own clothes on, so that it is only rational that you should have a similar method in putting the harness on a horse.

SADDLING UP.

Let us take the case of a saddle-horse first.

The first thing to put on is the numnah, if that is used; or, better still, it should be laid on the underpart of the saddle and worked well into the ridge, and the two may then be put on together. If no numnah is used—and for ordinary light work it is, of course, quite unnecessary—the saddle comes first.

Having looked at the lining to see that there are no hairs or dirt upon it, which may cause a saddle gall, double the girths and the off stirrup over the seat, and take the saddle by the pommel and the cantle—*i.e.*, the front and back.

Now place it on the horse's back from the near side, setting it down first on the withers and sliding it back, so that the hairs lie flat and smooth beneath it. When it is in position the front part should be one hand's-breadth behind the "play" of the shoulder.

TIGHTENING THE GIRTHS.

Then the girths may be done up, the lower one, in the case of a double girth, being slightly tighter than the one above it, so that it may not be wrinkled, and so gall the horse's belly.

Many horses have a trick of blowing themselves out when being girthed, so that it is as well to test the girths when the harnessing is completed, and they have forgotten all about them, and to tighten them if necessary.

It is a useful tip if you are leading a horse, or for any reason want to keep the stirrups out of the way before mounting, to run the stirrup up to the top of the leather, and to pass the leathers through it, so that it is kept up against the flap of the saddle, and can do no harm.

Next comes the headstall, if this is used, and then the bridle. A well-trained horse will take the bit without any trouble; but if he objects, he can usually be made to take it at once by pulling down his lower lip.

The fitting of the bit is a matter of some importance, and means much to the comfort, and therefore the temper, of the horse. Only too often one sees horses with the bridle buckled so tight that the corners of their mouths are wrinkled even when there is no pressure on the reins.

The bit should rest on the "bars" of the mouth one inch above the tushes in a horse; or with a mare, which has no tushes, two inches above the top tooth.

The saddling of a horse is an extremely simple matter when it is done properly; but if saddle or bridle do not fit or are badly put on, the results to the temper, and even the health of the animal, may be serious.

The putting on and adjusting of draught harness is a more serious matter, and in view of the many varieties of harness in use it is impossible to deal with it in any detail.

Here again the first thing to be put on is the pad, which rests in the centre of the back.

Next come the collar and hames. The old pattern Army collars were made to open at the top when the hames were unbuckled, and Tommy was strictly enjoined to put the collar on and take it off by this means, without taking it over the horse's head. Needless to say he never did so, for he preferred not to take the hames off the collar except when it was necessary to burnish the steel.

HOW TO PUT THE COLLAR ON.

The right way to put a collar on is to turn it upside down until you have passed it over the horse's ears, and then to turn it round while it is on the narrow part of the neck.

A well-fitting collar should allow the flat of the hand to pass between the piping and the horse's neck, and you should be able to insert your hand as far as your wrist at the bottom.

If breeching is used, as it should be for all but the lightest vehicles, it is the next thing to be put on, and it should fit so as to allow a hand's-breadth between it and the horse's quarters when in draught.

Then comes the off trace, and then the near trace, both of which will be looped up, or tied in a loose knot until the horse is ready to be hooked in, and last of all the bridle.

This should fit exactly as with a saddle horse.

If a curb is used, the chain should be twisted until it lies flat against the horse's jaw, and it should allow two fingers'-breadth between it and the jaw.

THE THROAT-LASH.

A common mistake is to buckle the throat-lash too tight, so that when the horse brings his head back as he does naturally when trotting, or as he must when reined in, it is stretched tight against the cheekbones. It should hang quite loose when the horse is carrying his head in a natural position.

The process of hooking in should present little difficulty. A single horse must necessarily be backed between the shafts, but though one usually sees a pair backed with a certain amount of difficulty on either side of the pole, this is quite unnecessary.

Take the pair by the cheek-piece or rein, and, walking along one side of the pole yourself, take them right up to the swingle trees or dash-board. Then turn them inwards and back out yourself, and you have them in position.

All that remains to be done is to fix the pole chains, hook in the traces, and buckle the reins.

A small point worth remembering, by the way, in putting on a collar, and one which is often disregarded, is that the points of the hame-straps at the top of the collar should point inwards in the case of a pair of horses.

This enables you to get a purchase on them from outside if it is necessary to tighten them.

Many collars, however—at any rate, for carriage harness—are made nowadays with fixed hames, and so long as the collar can be kept for one horse and fits him exactly, this saves a great deal of trouble.

M. H. ALLAN.

GREEN AS AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

SOME FEATS OF AN UNAPPRECIATED SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Everybody knows Green as a busybody, everyone does not know Green as a detect that is, not yet.

He has always been given to poking into business more than is justified by even exces feelings of neighbourliness.

I had noticed that Green's library consis mainly of detective stories, but I had put it to Green's lack of culture.

I had also observed a dreamy expression he assumed on occasion, as if he were me tating on hidden secrets, and an intense devo to nicotine, but I did not at the time remem that the famous Sherlock Holmes had the sa peculiarities.

I was one of the first to experience Gree marvellous powers of deduction and almost sup natural keenness over trifles.

I had made a night of it, and got home before the milk, and I couldn't find the quite as readily as usual—it's an uncertain a light just after dawn!

Green described my situation and co perfectly.

I asked him how he did it. He smiled far-away manner, pointed a long, lean fi in quite the approved Conan Doyle manner some paint marks on my coat.

"Your door was lately painted," he said, evidently the paint was wet."

He showed me some scratches on my "You endeavoured to make a substitute of your latch-key," he went on, carefully pickin an ivy leaf which had found a resting plac one of my cuffs during a temporary lodging in ditch, and so on.

I marvelled at the time, and was duly imp I felt quite like Watson, the successor of B

Afterwards I found out that Green had scope, and used it.

Mrs. Cross at the corner shop lost a ring Green offered to find it for her. He succeed, and Mrs. Cross more than hinted he was a suspicious character himself. How she found the ring in a pudding she made be

A small girl disappeared a few weeks thereby giving Green a chance to detective skill.

He traced her most zealously and at la her to earth.

He promptly rushed off to her parents, who sumably had never troubled about the matter.

"I've found your little girl."

"Yes," said her mother, calmly taking hands out of the wash-tub, "she's at her gran over in the next village."

Withdrawal of Green amid the laughter bushed neighbours!

Green distinguished himself the other our local police-court. He brought in a m declared he had taken in the act of burgli house.

It turned out to be Dr. Hilcot, who, having a late visit to a patient, had forgotten his k purposed getting in by his drawing-room win

Green is the owner of a bloodhound, and offered its services to the police a week They accepted gladly, for they wanted an escaped lunatic.

A fine chase that hound led them—but the man he tracked was Green himself!

It took the united efforts of the whole to get him off Green—the fool had put dried in all his pockets and aniseed on his tie!

He said it was to prevent the hound getting

Well, as our inspector said, the hound kn lunatic—that was evident.

Green's thinking of leaving us, and "Cr London and having an office with "Cr vestigator," or something of that sort, on brass-plate on his door.

Anyhow, we can spare Green.

SIGISMUND

FACES WE MEET

ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing;
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness.
So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another;
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence.

LONGFELLOW.

Of the thousands of faces that one will meet during an ordinary day spent in any city, how few there are that attract one's definite, inquisitive scrutiny!

Those few are like the occasional points of interest which impress themselves on the retina of the mind when one stands and views a wide, far-reaching landscape from the top of a hill.

They command our attention because they remind us of someone we have known, or because they reveal characteristics in which we take a particular interest. Subconsciously the mind singles them out and concentrates upon them its critical faculty. To us all the vast mass of humanity goes unstudied and unknown. Only an atom here and there can one perceive and understand.

Despite this, I have never met anyone yet who did not pride himself upon his powers of observation. The deliberate observer in a tube carriage, for instance, will set himself to read what he can from the faces about him. Whether his estimates are right or wrong doesn't much matter; he is unlikely to have the opportunity of verifying them. Anyhow, it is an entrancing occupation.

THE BUSINESS FACE.

One sees the sleek City man, immaculate in frock-coat and silk hat, engrossed in the financial column of his paper. The prominent, intelligent eyes have a touch of hardness which might mean the use of unscrupulous methods if exigency demanded. At home, perhaps, he is genial and domestic, his children have more respect than affection for him, his wife is insipid and fashion-loving, one in whom he never confides. Quite likely there are a few things in that alert, calculating brain of his that he never confides to anybody. Quite likely he would not dare.

There is a capable-looking girl with a neat costume and hat, reading a novel. Probably the daughter of a suburban family, a girl of some independence and go, who has found domestic life too dull for her. She has a special "boy," and is far fonder of him than he ever guesses. Her trouble is that he earns scarcely more money than she does herself, and for the life of her she cannot see how he is going to improve his position sufficiently to enable him to keep two in moderate comfort. Still, she has pluck and plenty of hope, and she shares both with him.

BUT HALF A MAN.

The fair-haired young man in the corner, whose fingers prove that he is badly addicted to cigarette smoking, suggests that he expends more attention on his personal appearance than is consistent with an active, robust character. He has a feeble body in a toppish frame. He has a sensitive upper lip and a weak chin. So long as he is surrounded by his mother or devoted sisters he will come to no harm, but on his own there is helplessness in aping the dissipations of other men; probably he would boast of the number of drinks he could take, and derive more pride than shame from getting helplessly drunk.

There is a middle-aged woman in shabby black, with both hands holding a basket on her lap. She has a worrying, fretful disposition, probably because she has had too many children and insufficient means for bringing them up. You can imagine that she has a tongue as pertinacious as the tick of a clock, but toil and the grey joylessness of existence have worn her nerves thin. Let some calamity overtake one of those children of hers, and grief would ennoble her as it ennobles everybody.

Faces and what they hide! Why, there is enough material in one carriage of a tube train to provide plot for innumerable plays and novels. Indeed, I believe that the faithful record of any one life selected at random would astonish the world.

But let us out to the street. In a tram or train the perceptions are more alive, awakened by will because there is not much left to do after one's newspaper has been scanned.

THE INFINITE VARIETY.

Among the faces in the street, multitudinous in their variety, the observant mind becomes diffused, nebulous. They are faces, that's all; and if one of them strikes your notice it is more by process of illumination than study.

You observe a squat, ill-shapen man, whose dark, saturnine countenance interests you in that it is so baffling. You cannot place him. He may be English or foreigner, anarchist or lay preacher. Your mind dismisses him. He is beyond your ken.

If that fellow who has just hurried by were to come into contact with you in business you know you would distrust him. His head was narrow, the nose long and prying, the thin curled mouth lascivious. A lascivious mouth can never be mistaken by those who once know it.

You catch a glimpse of the profile of a man just in front of you as he turns to speak to the girl walking by his side. His expression is sullen, resentful. You can tell assuredly that she has just made a remark that he did not like, and he has darted this glance of hatred at her unconsciously. They may be married, or intending to marry some day. Whichever it is, there is natural antipathy between them, and they will find it out sooner or later.

DOWN ON HIS LUCK.

There is a cabby seated behind his hansom at the stand in the middle of the street. He is reading the racing information while he waits for a fare. He has the fat, purply-red face generally associated with jollity, but you feel it is nearer the truth to judge him pessimist. He is intending to have his "bob each way," and he is dismally convinced that whatever animal he chooses it will finish "down the course." Since the advent of the taxi-cabs his luck's been dead out all round. Your sympathies go out to him. He has been a real good sport in his time; a bit unpolished and rough, perhaps, but man all through.

One cannot enumerate all the faces which stamp themselves on the memory. Some we admire, some we despise, some stir subtle, long-quiescent feelings in us. The laugh on a child's lips; the glance of an eye, pert, appealing, bold, demure; a girl's winsome face standing out for a second from among a dim crowd, then lost; the look on the face of a man as he holds an opera-cloak for a lady; the smiles one meets in painted faces at night—all are hints of unimaginable things, broken, disconnected paragraphs from the great book of human life.

I have seen fear, exultation, shame, misery on faces, and wondered at their cause. I have seen the blaze of battle lighting a countenance, and another dark with the shadows of death. I have seen a face bleached like a dead white tree, devastated with the lightning of horror, and I pray never to see such a sight again.

Faces are masks—most times. But here and there they are like windows to the soul, and looking through one sees loyalty and courage and clear sweet honesty—and these we love.

Faces we forget—most times. But here and there one lives, printed indelibly on the memory—a countenance with tremulous, dribbling mouth and drink-glazed eyes, seen suddenly in the light of a street lamp; another, smug and pharisaical, rolling forth verbose platitudes from a pulpit; another lit with the fervour of political feeling, declamatory, magnetic; another, the travestied face of a stage comedian; another, the expression of a mother bending over her child.

And there is one face and look which, once seen, a man shall not think he has lived in vain—a face luminous with the spirit of love, the eyes like stars, the mouth tremulous yet happy, and about it all the something that appears there only for the one who is more dear than all the world.

DAVID COOPER.

TRAPPING.

A FORM OF SPORT THAT FILLS A USEFUL PURPOSE.

For those who do not shoot, either from lack of opportunity for practice or from an inherent dislike to that weapon, which in the hands of many persons may be aptly termed a weapon of offence—the gun—there is no better sport than trapping.

Trapping viewed in the light of sport, does not consist simply in making a brick trap or setting a wire gin in the morning and then going round the traps in the evening and wringing the necks or hitting over the head the unfortunate inmates.

It lies rather in the ingenuity of one's devices in capturing the creatures of the wild, for it is far and away easier to shoot than to trap.

Sparrows will, of course, be the one idea of the suburban inhabitant, whose "preserve" consists of a back garden more or less limited in extent, and sparrow pie is a delicacy not to be sneered at.

Besides which the sparrow is a nuisance, and therefore its destruction can be justified.

There are traps by the dozen to be bought of all sorts, sizes, and devices, and at all manner of prices. But the old brick trap known to every schoolboy, which is fixed with a forked piece of wood and a bit of string, will serve if the amateur means to spend nothing but his time on his sport.

Further afield rabbits, hares, and otters in certain districts can be caught by means of gins and properly baited traps.

Of course, trapping can be supplemented with ferrets and dogs.

In some parts even of the metropolis, and along the banks of the Thames, rats will provide ample scope for the trappers' art.

Perhaps, barring the otter, there is no animal so wary of man's mechanical genius as the rat, and the setting and baiting of traps calls forth all the sportsman's subtlety.

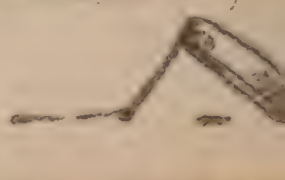
As regards the setting, it should be borne in mind that these animals have the keenest sense of smell, and it is better not to touch the traps with the bare hands.

As for bait, almost anything will do. The head of a fowl or the entrails will often tempt a rat, and I have seen many a capture effected by means of a herring's head.

The vole is also a destructive pest to the agriculturist, but the fellow who only rents a suburban villa will scarcely be acquainted with this distant relative of the mouse and rat.

Gamekeepers set traps for that most deadly enemy of the chicken-house, the weasel, but the amateur is likely enough to set the trap with the result that the weasel goes pop—as the song has it—and disappears.

F. WEATHERBY.



THE VILLAGE SCHOOL-MASTER.

A SKETCH.

You may talk of your farmers and squires, your gamekeepers and your labourers, lauding their good qualities and sterling abilities, but did you ever think how they became possessed of those attributes you so much admire?

Some, no doubt, are inherent, some due to their daily occupation, but many owe their existence to the genial and kindly influence of one man—the village schoolmaster. Come with me, and let me show you the man as he is.

It is a schoolday, and as we near the ivy-covered schoolhouse a murmur as of many bees meets the ear, making known to you that this human hive is alive with industry.

Enter quietly, and do not disturb the different sections of busy workers. There, in front of the upper class, stands the man I want to show you.

He is no brawny giant; his rather thin, gaunt frame seems sadly out of keeping with the plump, rosy cheeks of the boys under his care.

But watch him, as, the lesson over, he waves his pupils to their places. Can you not see here the essence of that feudalism which has been so strong a characteristic of English country life, and which in a modified form must be preserved if England is still to retain her old position?

The boys have passed out now, and while they eat their lunch to vocal accompaniment their guide and mentor is not unwilling to chat with us awhile.

He loves his work. To him the opportunities presented every day of inculcating, not merely book knowledge, but common courtesy, and moral obligations are the salt of his existence.

He is an idealist; he would have these boys of his better than their fathers, better labourers, better sons and fathers, better citizens.

With this aim in view he works ungrudgingly not only during his school hours, but for many more not included in his time table.

Wherever the village life centres you will find him, for he is the village oracle, a storehouse of useful information, one on whom to call in all cases of difficulty—an exponent of the law, a very encyclopædia of knowledge. To him the villagers would go, rather than to the parson, for has he not taught them and understood them from their youth up?

His experience, gained during his residence in the busy metropolis, his college career, and the early days of his labours in the great City, fits him eminently for the position of counsellor, and equally well does he discharge the office.

What is his reward? Simply the stammering thanks of those whom he has helped. His big heart swells, and a lump comes into his throat as he listens to the heart-felt thanks tendered by one who, profiting by his earnest efforts, has prospered in the neighbouring town.

This is his reward—to live in the hearts of those whom he has loved and taught.

A student, a lover of nature, delighted with its beauties, he fills his spare time gathering together a collection such as would grace the noblest of museums. His rock-chipping, insect-catching, and fungus-gathering appear to the villagers somewhat childish, yet nevertheless they vie with one another in their eagerness to bring him something new, to hear his simple thanks, and to note the growing brightness of his eyes as he fondles the new treasure.

Yet, busy as he is with his hobby, he is always willing to lend a helping hand. Is Farmer Jones behind with his hay, and fears the coming break in the weather? The schoolmaster is there among the first to help to save the crop, and though not so vigorous as he once was, that gaunt frame possesses a vitality which manifests itself in persevering toil.

He is a sportsman, too, and that in no limited degree, for he is an all-round man, delighting as much in watching his children's play as in participation of an autumn day's shooting. This last he loves, but, as he possesses no gun, its pleasure is not often enjoyed.

A. E. GRIFFITHS.

MY NOTEBOOK.

BRUTALITY. "You and your paper have a strange fascination for me," writes a Bristol reader. "You yourself are a brute. Do not be offended, for I admire a good healthy brute, as I myself am rather a book-worm. It is true that you print many abstruse articles, such as those by Mr. A. G. Storm, but I feel from your notes and from the general tone of the paper that the sporting articles appeal to you personally more than these do.

"You have admitted that your favourite hobby is horse-riding, and you cannot deny that this is brutal. What delicacy or refinement is there in sitting astride a half-unmanageable beast and persuading or forcing it to do what you want it to do?

"You are a brute, and yet I somehow like you."

AN EARLY IDEA. I do not think that it is ever possible to reach absolute truth in the analysis of any man's character. Perhaps my reader has struck a true note in what he has said about me, and yet I do not think that the impression he conveys is wholly accurate.

I know myself very well indeed, but I have never been able wholly to understand myself.

In some matters I am unquestionably a brute.

I remember, when I was younger, seriously contemplating taking up the profession of surgery. I liked this science because it offered such scope for investigation and development, and I knew that I should never experience the slightest nervousness or compunction in carrying out the operations which the profession might require. I dropped the idea of becoming a surgeon because I learned that a man going into this profession at the bottom of the ladder, as I should have had to do, could not hope to participate in any of the interesting work, that being left for surgeons who were blessed with a private income.

Realising this, I dropped the idea and turned to other things, but I still have, and always have had, the nerve—or brutality, or whatever you like to call it—that is the antithesis of squeamishness.

Not very long ago my terrier was mauled by a bigger dog, and each morning and evening I dressed the wound on his neck without the slightest repugnance, although it was a hideous one. For that you might say that I lacked sensitiveness and that I was a brute, and yet I do not think that you would be altogether just in coming to this conclusion. I have known hospital nurses—gentle, tender women—who could do the same thing.

IN DEFENCE. Seeing that I have assisted my correspondent in blackening my own character, I may as well drop in a word on the defence side. Although I have no compunction in dealing with an accident, however revolting may be the appearance of the victim of it, I have yet, I hope, a certain amount of tenderness in me. The sight of an old man or an old woman with a pinched face and ragged clothes invariably moves me to do what I can to improve their lot.

I remember once when my horse threw my groom and came down rather badly himself. His knees were untouched, but he cut the inside of his elbow with his other shoe in getting up. The wound swelled a good deal, and it was very obvious that the poor old chap was suffering more pain than he showed evidence of. He had the best professional attention that I could procure, but in addition to this I used to get home from the office early in order to do what I could for him. I used to remove the bandage and rub in embrocation, and for the rest of the evening I would sit and work beside him in the stable, and he seemed to appreciate my company. None the less, when he got well again, as he did in a few days, he was as ready as ever to play tricks, which, as I dare say he knows, I do not resent.

I may be a brute, but I think that a man who will sacrifice his business interests in order to look after his horse is not wholly bad.

"FOR HIS POSITION." The other day I was walk... Fleet Street with Captain Saun... who happened to be in town fo... day. We met a newspaper cyclist pedalling ... the case that comes of much practice. ... own part, all I noticed about him was his ... dodging the traffic, but Captain Saunde... more observant eye.

"Look how well that fellow is dressed," he ...

I observed that the cyclist was turned out ... manner very suitable to his work. He was ... tainly not dressed flashily, but when you loo... at him a second time you noticed that his clo... were of better quality than might have b... pected of a man in his position. He was ... a very respectable cap and jacket and a p... smartly-cut breeches—rather of the ... than of the riding variety—and a well-made ... of leggings and boots.

I know my own limitations, and I rely ... those who write for the paper to supply ... things that I lack. I have, for example, c... writers who can turn out a very good philos... article, while my contributors on business, ... culture, and other subjects are admittedly ... I rely on Captain Saunders for the mas... fashion notes that appear in the paper. ... not expect him to give me philosophy. ... me a little bit that day, however, and I thi... it is worth while noting.

"That is a man," he said, "whom I shou... very well dressed. Everything about him i... or grey, and there is no attempt to be sh... he is dressed for his job, and well dressed, to...

"His clothes are better than you will often ... on many a man who is making more money ... the secret of it is that he is well off *for his ... tion.* He has no sort of style to keep ... does not need to lunch at a restaurant or ev... a tea-shop, and therefore he finds at the ... the week that he has a good deal of cash in ... and he can afford to gratify his taste in ... matter of clothes.

"To be well off for one's position seems ... the secret of happiness."

I am telling you about the incident here in... Captain Saunders should not do so on ... page. I do not expect he will, as the ma... not concern dress so much as it does life gene... but there is sound, common sense in it.

A NEW FORCE. The other day a reader calle... to enlist my sympathy in re... new military force which is ... established. His name is Mr. V. R. Gibbs, ... his address is 28A, Hermes Street, ... London.

He is quite a young chap, and I admir... initiative in doing what he has done to estab... new force which is known as the ... Scouts.

It is not to be confused with either the I... of Frontiersmen or with the Boy Scouts. ... object is to gratify the desire for military tra... felt by those whom business, defective eye... other circumstances prevent from joining ... Territorials.

The work is very interesting and practical, ... I heartily recommend those of my London ... who have been unable to join the Territori... offer their services as members of the Le... Scouts.

No one under the age of eighteen is adm... and the minimum height is 5ft. 6in.

The uniform is very attractive, consisti... slouch hat, khaki shirt, riding breeches, ... boots and leggings, and black neckerchief.

Already the Legion has a large membersh... fact which is scarcely to be wondered at wh... knows that it offers every social attraction ... members could desire, besides very pra... military training.

The movement has my entire approval, a... trust it will also have the support of those re... who can join it.

YOUR EDIT...

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

WE *DON'T* THINK!

SOME VERY NEGATIVE ASSERTIONS.

We *don't* think that Mr. Asquith is the leader of the Liberal party.

We *don't* think that the German Navy is merely intended for the preservation of peace.

We *don't* think that the present rate of increase of our own Navy will result in it being as strong as any two European navies combined, say, in the years 1912-1913.

We *don't* think that every Member of Parliament represents the needs of his constituents.

We *don't* think that every Member fulfils heroically the promises he made when seeking election.

We *don't* think that Mr. Victor Grayson will essay a modern imitation of Ajax defying the lightning in the Commons again.

We *don't* think that the same honourable gentleman has been commissioned to write Mr. Lloyd George's next speech on the Budget.

We *don't* think that Mr. Balfour was quite so angry with Mr. Ure as he pretended to be.

We *don't* think, really we don't, that mendacity on the part of any politician is entirely without precedent.

We *don't* think that the spirit of Gladstone is communicating his opinion of the Budget to Mr. Stead and Julia.

We *don't* know whether to think Mr. Stead responsible for the bad grammar of the alleged conversation of Julia.

We *don't* think Julia.

We *don't* think that Bart Kennedy writes with a dictionary at his elbow.

We *don't* think that the Cabinet Ministers are working in perfect harmony.

We *don't* think that Mr. Winston Churchill would be happy without undertaking a solo now and then.

We *don't* think that the solo is always in tune.

We *don't* think that Mr. Lloyd George is an Englishman.

We *don't* think that Mr. Horatio Bottomley is the honest financier on the Government side of the House.

We *don't* think that the "'John Bull' League" is the first herald of the millennium.

We *don't* think that all Socialists would share and share alike, even unto the last gold watch.

We *don't* think that Dr. Cook will shortly produce incontestable evidence that he reached the North Pole.

We *don't* think that Commander Peary fastened the Stars and Stripes to the same with tin-tacks.

We *don't* think that an indispensable qualification of the journalist is that he shall first have been President of the United States.

We *don't* think that Theodore Roosevelt shares the opinion.

We *don't* think that a marriage has been arranged between Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli.

We *don't* think that there will be a Caine or Corelli national memorial in the year 2000 A.D.

We *don't* think that Mr. Hunnable is a cleverer man than Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

We *don't* think quite so badly of either of them as that.

We *don't* think that Captain Coe has been engaged to write the leading articles of the "Daily News."

We *don't* think that the Lords love the land less than the people.

We *don't* think that the average woman would rather have a vote than a new dress.

All the same, we *don't* think that the forcible feeding of the Suffragettes is fair food for laughter.

We *don't* think much of the taste of the people who do.

We *don't* think that Mr. S. F. Cody will fly from London to Manchester this century.

We *don't* think that the sole purpose of the "Daily Mail" prize of £10,000 for the achievement is encouragement to aviators.

Much as we should like to believe all these things, we regretfully admit that we *don't* think.

E. E. MILNE.

Some coaching men will remember old Bill Wrag and his curious hoarse voice.

"How did you sleep, Bill?" inquired a pal, the morning after a hard day.

"Very comfortable," said Bill, "bar visits from them gents with little brown overcoats on."

* * *

Imagine the feelings of the two ladies who had driven to Brighton, and, finding Bill a character, had been affable to him. As they are leaving the coach, says Bill, in a hoarse whisper: "An' where may you be goin' to spend the evenin', misses?"

* * *

A pal, having seen Bill in the company of a somewhat shabby lady the evening before, told his companions, and on Bill's arrival at the yard they chipped him about her shabbiness.

"Never you mind," said Bill; "she's all right with 'er 'arness off."

* * *

Aristocratic client to stuttering horsedealer: "I say, Jones, doesn't that impediment in your speech interfere with your business somewhat?"

"No—no, m—my l—lord, the f—fa—fact is th—that when I a—ask a c—c—cus—customer a h—h—hun—dr—dred a—and he s—seems to l—like it, I a—a—add a—and f—fifty."

* * *

STOUT LADY (at riding school, who has been giving a lot of trouble): "I'm sure it's the fault of the saddle; it must be too small."

RIDING MASTER: "No, madam; joint too big for the dish."

* * *

An Irishman found a half-sovereign. Whilst he was examining it, the village priest met him and advised him to be generous and give it to the church; then he left him to think it over. Pat found the disposal of it a difficult problem, and debated for a long time. Should he treat himself and pals, or take it to the priest? After an hour or so of mental wrestling, he suddenly said: "To hell wid the money; I'll give it to the church!"

* * *

A jobmaster sold a horse to a novice, saying it was "without a fault." Next day the buyer brought the horse back.

"The horse is blind," he stormed, "and you said it had no fault."

"Quite right, sir," said the dealer. "That ain't a fault; that's 'is *misfortune*."

* * *

Two working-women were discussing household matters.

Said one: "Yus, an' we've got three rooms 'an a kitchin' an' a barfroom."

"'Ave yer, now?" said the other. "We 'av'n't got no barfroom."

"Then, where does yer keep yer coals?" said the first.

* * *

Female patient, swathed in bandages and terribly injured, having regained consciousness, is asked by house surgeon, "How did it happen?"

"Please sir," said the sufferer, "We 'ad a bit of a party at our 'ouse, 'an I spoke out of my turn."

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF DEVELOPERS.

I do not, as I have remarked before, by any means discourage the use of appliances and developers for the physical culturist, although the exercises I give on this page involve none but ordinary articles which may be found in every household.

This, however, is for the purpose of simplicity and in order that the exercises may be available for all.

The developer, of whatever kind, if it be produced by a reputable maker and used in the manner in which it was intended to be used, is a most useful aid to the physical culturist, and it does its duty in a way in which mere makeshifts can never do.

The main use of the developer, especially those of the elastic kind or those worked with pulleys and weights, is to provide that resistance which can otherwise only be obtained by playing off one muscle against another.

But one of the drawbacks of the developer is that it is apt to lessen the concentration of the mind on the exercise in hand.

One tends to think that the developer is going to do the work, and that the mere mechanical performing of certain motions is going to make the muscles increase almost visibly in size.

Thus the mind is not concentrated on the work, nor the same amount of effort and will power put into it, and these are of the very essence of physical culture.

This is especially the case if the developer is behind the back. When you can see what you are working with, you are not so liable to let your thoughts wander or to go through the motions mechanically, but when the apparatus is behind the back, there is always the danger of its becoming "out of sight, out of mind," and of your exercising like an automaton.

Another common abuse is the utilising of developers with springs or weights that are too strong or too heavy for the culturist, and the result is more likely to be a strain than any increase in development.

A RESISTANCE EXERCISE.

Take a strong towel—a huckaback for preference—and twist the ends round the hands, so that you have a firm grip of it.

Then pass it under your feet and stand on it. The towel must only be underneath the front part of the foot and not under the heel, or the benefit to the ankles will be lost.

A new use for a towel.

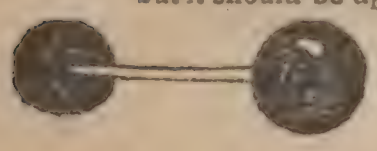
Arch the back and keep the legs straight.

The exercise, in which there is no external movement, consists simply in pulling upwards as hard as you can on the towel.

The value of the exercise consists simply in the tensing of the muscles and the resistance of one against the other.

The muscles of the ankles and feet must be fully exerted to prevent the feet being forced upwards. The back, arm, and leg muscles are all brought into play, and if you pull at the towel as if you were trying to break it, the benefit to their development will be greater than you might suppose.

The strain should not be put on with a jerk, or the exercise becomes not only useless but dangerous, but it should be applied gradually, and with a will.



WORRY.

I have heard the three rules for keeping fit formulated as follows: —1. Don't worry. 2. Don't worry. 3. Don't worry.

I am not going to pretend that worry plays quite such an important part in physical matters as that, but there is no doubt that many men do make themselves ill by worrying.

With some it becomes a habit, and they will worry about anything—or nothing at all. Little details may go wrong in business or in their private affairs, and instead of setting themselves to put them straight and forget them, they will just worry about them and do nothing, and when they have got over them they will continue to worry themselves with the prospect of other troubles.

Worrying attacks a man's digestion, and a man whose digestion is impaired can never be in health until it is set right.

Moreover, the whole nervous system suffers from it, and the combination of mental and physical phenomena is closer than might be imagined.

It is impossible to avoid worry altogether, but if you pull yourself up whenever you feel the tendency to worry coming on, you give your constitution a chance.

THE PIN AND CHAIR TRICK.

Take a strong wooden-backed chair and stick a pin in the back of the seat near the side.

Now sit on the chair in the ordinary way. The object is from this position to extract the pin with your teeth while still sitting on the chair.

The only way to achieve this is to get round the back of the chair as shown in the sketch, but the difficulty is to avoid overbalancing the chair. Grasp the top rail of the chair-back with the left hand and the bottom of the off hind leg—if one may apply such a horsey expression to a chair—with the right hand. The latter may be transferred if necessary to the front leg when you have reached the position shown in the sketch, but unless your arms are long this will not be necessary.

A matter of balance and grit.

You will then be able to get the pin without much trouble, but the most difficult part remains, and that is the returning to the sitting position.

You will have to go slowly and push your body back by sheer exercise of muscle rather than by sudden jerks. The latter will almost certainly lose your equilibrium entirely and send you to the floor, chair and all, for, needless to say, the feet must be clear of the floor the whole time.

The trick is an extremely amusing one to watch, though it is advisable to give the performer a wide berth, or you may get entangled with his flying legs.

It needs a strong man, however, and a strong chair for its achievement.

Another variation of the trick which makes it more difficult, though not impossible, is to stick the pin into the off hind leg about six inches above the floor.

DELIBERATE HEALTH-SEEKING.

The very fact that I conduct a page of this description may lead some readers to suppose that my object is to induce those who have not hitherto taken an interest in physical culture and sport to do so for the sake of their health, and for that only.

I know that many physical culture [illegible] out exercises as a chemist or doctor might nostrums. The time for exercise, and the amo of it, is prescribed with exactness, and the disci of such teachers follow their instructions certain amount of profit, but with very pleasure.

I should like you to think of physical cu and sport not as a means of obtaining health as pleasure-giving experiences.

There are several ways in which we are cap of obtaining pleasure, and not the least of the physical way.

There are aspects of physical pleasure which it is not my province to enter, but pleasure of muscular exertion is, perhaps, of them all, for it is followed by its effects are wholly beneficial.

I should like you to think of physical not as a duty but as an enjoyment, for the way to reap its fullest benefits and a habit that will make the following culture a permanent part of your routine.

I have in my mind the case of three you who live near where I live. During the su they played games every afternoon, for the fortunately circumstanced and can choose own time. They were deliberately health, and in my opinion they chose worst time of the whole day for se play football or cricket under a broilin sun is not going to do you very much g

Now that the summer is past they much pride in getting up in the dark c ing and wending their way to a local sw pond. I have seen them in the train as came to town, and they looked pallid and sh ing, although they emphasised the fa another, and to their fellow-passengers, would not miss their morning swim for a ransom.

It is sense that these young men la are deliberately hunting for health. I always to keep the lodestone of them in order to stimulate them to e Physical culture and sport, on the other ought to be spontaneous. It is a natural and should be the outcome of natural en

It is a pity that an estimable science physical culture should have become mixed up with crankishness; and what drive home is that in physical culture actual and perceptible pleasure both exercises and afterwards.

Remember the existence of this ple seek for it rather than for health. of your muscles and the general st your organs will come the more quick seeking of them is merely incidental.

WEIGHT-LIFTING WITHOUT W

This is an exercise in imitation of w which it is rather difficult to prac unless you are familiar with weight-lifti

Stand erect with the feet together, down as if to pick up an imaginary wei bell with one hand, the other resting on the knee.

An [illegible] needs

Then with a snatch or rapid swing raise the hand above the head, sinking at the same time upon the heels.

Both movements should be quite rapid, and as the hand with the imaginary weight is raised the head should be turned so that the eyes follow it.

Then rise, also rapidly, and return the weight which is not there to the floor, rising finally to the upright position and returning the hands to the sides.

Imagination and smartness are two important factors in this exercise, and do not pretend that it is as effective as of gradually increasing weights, it is very useful both for suppling and developing muscles that would be involved.

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

DECEPTION.

No useful purpose can be served by disguising facts, and it would be foolish to say that deception does not sometimes pay in business. Whether it ought to pay is another matter altogether.

But the deception that pays in business is of a peculiar kind. It is for the passing trade.

We find, for instance, the average auctioneer who takes a vacant shop in a busy thoroughfare, deceiving the public at every turn. He sells as forced high-class bankrupt stock goods that have been turned out in the cheapest possible way, and that are not worth half what he asks, and gets, for them.

There is a case where deception is undoubtedly profitable, but the "swag" auctioneer is a business apart. His case cannot be taken as typical of commerce at large.

Although there are cases like this where deception undoubtedly pays, I think on the whole that in by no means profitable in the case of a man who does a steady ordinary trade.

Occasionally finds drapers and other tradesmen holding up alleged stock-taking sales at which they sell as surplus stock the most worthless rubbish. In this way they may secure a temporary profit, but experience shows me that they never make a success of their business in the long run.

In the case of a passing trade, deception may pay, but it never does pay where your business is a steady and established one.

You may advertise as much as you like, but the best advertisement is the recommendation of satisfied customers, and that you will never get if you work on deceptive lines.

There are many aspects of deception, but there is one which I personally regard as particularly reprehensible.

That is the tendency amongst Jews, trading in this country, to assume English names.

Usually they do not go far enough, and the man who keeps his eyes open sees through the thin veneration in the name.

Moses becomes Moss, Simon becomes Salmon, Benjamin appears as Benson, Lazarus as Lawrence; in such cases as these the deception is fairly patent.

But sometimes it is not so evident on the surface, however, when a Jew takes such a name as Macfarlane, and it is difficult to see why the Jewish trader should so often change his nationality under one or other of the best known Scottish names. I believe that half the Jews in business to-day are either Stuarts or Gordons or Frasers.

Many of these men do not meet their clients face to face, and the change of name may possibly be of advantage for business purposes; but the customer who calls on Mr. Cohen Stuart and finds him to be a man with a Jewish face and with the whites of his eyes tinged with brown, naturally guesses that the name has been assumed, and he looks out for further deception in the transaction of any business he may have to get through.

I have no prejudice whatsoever against Hebrews. They are shrewd and thorough business men, and in many cases they have done a distinct service in supplying us with the necessaries of life at moderate prices.

I do not think that the man in the street has any prejudice against the Jew either, and I think it is foolish that he should so often practise the deception of assuming an English or Scotch name.

I am wholly against deception in business, because, as I have said, I do not think that in the long run it pays.

FINANCE.

I have so often been asked by readers for advice on financial matters that I have at last decided to set apart a column on this page each week on their behalf.

Personally, my knowledge of finance is very limited, except when it concerns my own business, and so far I have advised all readers who have sought my assistance to invest their savings in a sound, local, industrial company.

There are, however, many more attractive investments than one of this type, and I am glad to be able to place at the service of my readers the expert advice of a Financial Editor who knows all that is to be known concerning the markets and the various firms who exploit them.

I invite my readers to consult him on all financial matters, but I must warn all whom it may concern that I do not hold myself in any way responsible for the opinions he expresses. He is, in my opinion, the best man that could be got to conduct a column of this description, but if you happen to lose money through following his advice you must not blame me for it.

No charge is made, and those who desire to consult our Financial Editor may do so freely. If a reply is desired by post, a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed. Address all communications intended for this department to the Financial Editor, THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

YOUR EDITOR.

It is a curious fact that a man who has achieved worldly success by sheer personal shrewdness in his own line of business, frequently displays the simplicity of a child when it comes to investing his surplus capital.

He gets into the hands of obvious swindlers, when common horse sense ought to warn him against them, and he acts as if he had never learned the most elementary business precautions.

From one financial sharp to another he passes, and when he does begin to apply the wisdom that he dedicates to his own business, he has paid heavily for his experience.

I am at the service of all readers on the subject of investment and speculation; to criticise present holdings and recommend some better ones, if possible; to advise on the best way of utilising a certain amount of capital; to give the name of a respectable broker—a member of the "House"; and to warn readers against the numerous financial sharks who prey on the public as outside brokers.

With regard to the latter, it is no exaggeration to say that reliable firms are greatly in the minority, and, while there is no reason why a stock and share dealer should not be as honest as the "inside" broker, the fact remains that generally he is not.

And so I invite readers of THE MODERN MAN to come to me as their financial adviser.

Commencing next week, I shall give a brief survey of the stock markets and answer in these columns all correspondents whose queries are of general interest; those whose questions are only of personal interest I shall reply to by letter.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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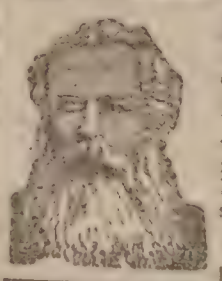

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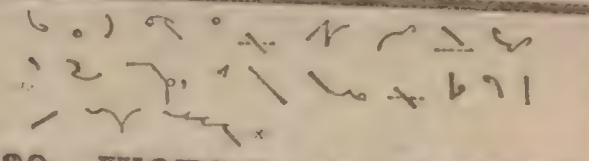

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"MOLASSINE MEAL GIVES HORSES STAMINA."

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXXIX.

AN ATTACK OF MADNESS.

"How'do?" said Farmer Graill, looking up from his armchair by the fireside as Richard came into the kitchen of the farm one Saturday afternoon.

"Well, John? Feeling fit?" said Richard, crossing to take the proffered hand, hard and rough with toil.

"Middlin', thankee. The leg's troublin' me a bit."

He looked down at the limbs, encased in corduroys and leggings and muddied boots.

"The rheumatics again? It's this rotten weather."

"The wettest autumn we've had these twenty year. Sit ye down. You'll be wantin' your tea, I guess. Jim, tell that wench to shift herself. The missis is upstairs," he went on to Richard. "She'll be down presently. You're lookin' fair an' well."

"Never better," replied Richard, flopping down into a chair and thrusting his legs out to the limit of convenient reach.

"Like a prize bull," observed Jim, going outside and yelling some order to the servant, whom he had lately seen in one of the cowsheds across the yard as he stabled his horse.

Richard's appearance was certainly eloquent of health. His eyes were clear and bright, and the ride from Moulden had brought the flush of exercise to his cheeks.

"'Tisn't so much as we see of you now," commented John with customary stolidity. "Jim's always sayin' you do nothin' but work and sleep nowadays. Not as I think there's anythin' much better a lad can do."

"Work!" echoed Jim, who had returned, "he doesn't know the meaning of the word. His life's perpetual play."

"Absolutely," agreed Richard. "The men about me are so strenuous there's little left for me to do."

John turned again to the fire, content to listen to the young men's exchange of banter. He was the typical countryman in his complete lack of inquisitiveness.

The news that he heard almost nightly from Jim of Richard's doings filled him with interest during narration, and was forgotten when finished. All that mattered to him was that he liked Richard, was glad to have him under his roof, and missed him when he was away.

Mrs. Graill, a stout and motherly woman, came bustling in, and gave Richard a warm welcome. She, at least, was more curious than her husband, and over tea she kept Richard busy with her questioning.

"Nigh on two months it's been since you spent a week-end here," she affirmed. "It's quite like old times."

"I hope to come down more regularly now," said Richard.

"You're not so busy as you were, perhaps?"

"As much business, but not so busy. We're more in working order now that the enlargement of the factory is completed. Barring the finishing touches to the stack I've had run up ——"

"The tallest smoke-stack in the Black Country," put in Jim, enthusiastically; "two-fifty feet high, and his name inlet half-way up in white bricks for all the world to see. No visiting Moulden now without knowing Richard Selby is there. He'll have it on the clouds next," he added, with satisfaction.

"I prefer something more permanent, thanks," said Richard, with a laugh.

"Well, it's right queer how you manage to do it," observed Mrs. Graill, delivering herself of a ponderous sigh, "a young man like you! I wonder you're not afraid of it tumbling on top of you."

"It's tolerably firm," Richard assured her, solemnly.

"I hope it is. You don't know how I worrit over you sometimes. What with those terrible machines you're manyfacturing all the time, and that there sin an' hate of those wicked ——"

"Syndicate, mother," corrected Jim.

"Well, I don't care what you call it, it's wicked enough in all conscience. There'll be dreadful things happening before long. I can feel it coming."

"Dick's all right," interjected John Graill, stolidly.

"Pooh! the Syndicate!" exclaimed Jim. "The Syndicate's subsiding like a pricked bladder. Moulden, nay, the whole country's watching it expire. What say, Dick?"

"Oh, shut up about the Syndicate!" replied Richard, good temperedly; "and shut up about shop altogether. For to-night and to-morrow we're here, and everything else can go hang. We'll be up with the sun, my boy, and drink fresh air from dawn to dark. No indoors for me! A long, plugging walk over sticky fields, the smell of the fresh earth—gad! and the mist amongst the trees tugging the heartstrings of memory. What's the matter, you idiot?"

Jim had suddenly exploded with laughter, in the act of swallowing his tea.

"Nothing," he gasped. "Go on. That's ripping. This morning, a man moving about with the cold, swift precision of a human machine—now, spouting sentiment like a love-sick poet. Go on. I like it. I wouldn't have you stop for anything."

"Jim, you're an ass!' said Richard, jumping up. "You don't understand the holiday feeling. I'm down here to let myself go, and I'll make you groan before I've finished. Come on! I'm off to the river," he added, rising. "I feel like making that blessed skiff leap Seckley Ford like a trout."

II.

True to prophecy, it was the dark of a long and splendid day given over to freedom and the indulgence of animal spirits ere Richard and Jim returned to the farm, tired but happy on the morrow.

"There's a telegram been waitin' for ye half an hour, Dick," said old John from the fireside.

"A telegram on Sunday!" exclaimed Jim. "How the deuce is that? I thought in this out-of-the-way place you couldn't—"

A boy brought it on a bicycle from Flaxminster," explained John without haste.

Richard meanwhile had torn open the telegram and read it. There was an odd pause, while he stood motionless with the other two watching him.

Then, quietly, he turned to Jim.

"I'm going to Moulden," he said. "I think you'd better come."

His quick frown silenced the query on Jim's lips.

"Nought serious, I hope, Dick," said John.

"Don't think so. The message is from the watchman at the works saying I'm wanted, that's all."

John nodded. Things that he didn't [illegible] he always took for granted.

Richard and Jim passed out to the s[illegible]

As they crossed the yard Richard [illegible] need to disturb the old chap. [illegible] Light that lamp."

"What is it?" asked Jim.

"Henderson wires—'For [illegible] once.' Sent off from Moulden at seve[illegible] now turned half-past eight."

"Gad! whatever—"

"Never mind speculating." saddling his horse at lightning s[illegible] got to hurry."

Jim followed suit with feverish im[illegible]

"My lor!" he said, through shut te[illegible] at a strap. "There isn't much p[illegible] times."

"Ready? Here, I'll see to that.

And until they came within sight of Moulden, Richard spoke no other w[illegible]

Then he broke silence with one short, d[illegible] exclamation.

"Thank God!" he said.

"What?"

"All right," replied Richard, and now was normal. "I thought perhaps it meant—

"So did I. But I wasn't going to sa[illegible] let out a long breath of relief. "We s[illegible] if there were, shouldn't we?" he queried, still a little anxious.

"Yes," was all the answer he got.

The hoofs of our horses were now rat[illegible] on a stone-cobbled street.

"The lights of the works are on," sharply. Then, after a moment: "Ar[illegible] crowd outside."

At a headlong gallop they tore along.

"Right through them if they don't shift," Richard in a low voice; but the crowd s[illegible]

Richard and Jim rode through the open into the yard of the works.

It was empty.

"Henders-o-n!" The shout came [illegible] imperative from Richard.

"Hallo! Is that you, sir."

The door of one of the machine-shops open, and Henderson appeared. Behind were a number of policemen.

"Come in here, sir," he shouted, and were terrified.

Before Richard could move there was the sound of splintering glass, and a triumphant yell.

"Great heavens! What's that?"

The next moment Richard had [illegible] horse across the yard and into where Henderson stood. Dismount round on Henderson.

"Now?" he demanded.

"Mr. Graill, sir. It ain't safe out him in first."

Another crash, and it came from abo[illegible] threw back his head and swept his eyes a roof. Then he called peremptorily to J[illegible]

"In here!" he commanded, and turned to Henderson. "Now! Quick, out with it.

"The stack, sir. The stack!"

Henderson made a hopeless gesture.

"Yes, man. What is it? The [illegible] going?"

"No, no! Somebody up there. So[illegible] pulling the whole damned thing to pieces. you hear him? He's smashing the place [illegible] bricks."

"I can hear him right enough," ag[illegible] grimly. "Who is it?"

"Mr. Derwood."

"Derwood?" Richard echoed. "Are you

It was incredible to him that Derwood have had the courage to climb the [illegible] The situation altogether was bewild[illegible] incomprehensible.

"Yes, sir. He's gone mad. I saw h[illegible] He's an absolute gibbering maniac. You c[illegible] him up there, dancing about, if you look."

Richard strode out into the yard and l[illegible] upwards.

"Get back, you fool!" he said to Jim, who had followed him. But Jim took no heed.

Then Richard returned and now he was cool and decisive. He spoke first to the constables.

"That crowd outside," he said curtly, "they're in danger. Some of those bricks are going right through the roofs. You men can't do anything here. You'd better clear the street altogether."

"All right, Mr. Selby." A sergeant stepped forward. "I've already some men keeping them back out of harm's way."

"They're not far enough to please me," said Richard. "Trust the Englishman to forget the fun if there's any fun about."

"Ah!" muttered Jim to himself, and he laughed as the policemen crossed the yard at a pace that was apprehensive.

The bricks were falling with almost mathematical regularity, and the triumphant yells were unceasing.

"Mad or not, we must have him down," said Richard. "This is too expensive to be amusing. How long has he been at that game?"

"Since about half-past six. It must be three now. I'll tell you how it happened. I was—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Richard. "The explanation must come while we're doing something."

"What on earth *can* we do, sir?"

"Put a fire in the furnace. Come on."

"Think that'll do it?"

"Hey. If not, we must think of something else."

They hurried off to the engine-room, and very soon a huge fire was roaring.

Meanwhile Henderson explained.

"I was having a look round about six o'clock, sir," he said; "just as it was getting dusk, and when I got to the shop where the new automatic machines are, I saw a man come scurrying out like a rabbit. I collared him and asked him what *his* game was. I didn't see at first it was Mr. Derwood, because he fought and struggled like a wild cat. He seemed trying to say something to me, and I couldn't tell what it was. Then he got free and—what do you think?—ran back into the machine shop, me after him, and got to a certain place and began stamping on the floor like a fanatic. I nabbed him again and tried to stop him. Then I saw——"

Henderson paused, and continued in an awed whisper.

"I saw he was stamping to put out a fuse. From the look of it there was a charge of dynamite there enough to blow the whole works sky high."

"Ph-ew!" Graill whistled.

"Get on with it," said Richard, quietly, his arms swinging as he shovelled in the coal.

"Well, sir, I didn't tumble to that for a moment, only that Mr. Derwood was still stamping long after the fuse was out. I suppose he thought he was going to be blown up, and the fright drove him mad. Anyway, he got loose again, and shot off, and there was me chasing him, and him dodging about the yard, for goodness knows how long. I was pretty savage by then, you bet. Well, I thought I'd got him cornered by the stack, and all at once he went up the iron ladder like a monkey. I stood watching him, not caring much, because I knew he'd have to come down again, but I didn't think he'd dare to go far. But up he went, until he looked no bigger than a rat. Then he began to squall out all manner of things, horrible they were; mostly about you, sir. And when he got to the top and on the scaffold-planks and things, and then started on the bricks. Goodness knows how he keeps his footing."

"It's three feet thick," said Richard briefly.

"That all?"

"Then I sent somebody to wire to you, sir, and since he's been at it."

"All right," said Richard, standing back and looking into the fire. Its red glow lit his face and showed him composed and thoughtful.

A brick came hurtling down and fell a yard or two away from him, but his eyelids did not even flicker.

"Ah!" he said, and his lips tightened. "Well, let's see how the smoke's coming."

Volumes of it were pouring out of the jagged top of the stack, and Derwood's tiny form appeared intermittently, stooping and hurling, stooping and hurling.

And now he was silent, working with desperate haste.

"Think he can see us?" asked Jim.

"God knows," said Richard.

"Isn't it horrible?" said Henderson at length, and his voice shook. "He'll be tumbling down soon. Over two hundred feet of it!"

He dropped his head, shuddered, and cursed aloud.

With his head craned back, Richard watched in fixed stillness for several minutes.

"Why the *devil* doesn't he come down?" groaned Henderson, who was staring again.

"He shouldn't have been fool enough to go up," said Jim, every crash which came hardening him against Richard's worst enemy.

But Richard said nothing.

Then, calmly, almost unnoticed, he left them and walked towards the base of the stack.

Suddenly Graill realised his intention. He went after him, ran, and pushed himself between Richard and the iron ladder.

"You're not going up," he said tensely.

"Now, Jim," said Richard gently.

"You're not." Jim's face was distorted with emotion. "By G—d, you're not!"

"Yes, I am," said Richard. "I must at least try to save him."

"You sha'n't."

Jim turned and clung to the ladder with both hands.

Richard put his hand on his shoulder.

"Now, Jim," he said again.

Henderson ventured to protest, but Richard wheeled on him quickly, and the words died on his lips.

All at once Jim began to climb, hurriedly, desperately. But a strong hand grasped his coat and dragged him down.

"My works, Jim," said Richard, and then, as Jim burst abruptly into sobs, he put his arm round his shoulder.

"Never fear, old chap," he said. "I'll come down again."

Jim heaved, and seemed to wrench all over. Then he stepped back.

"I'm a kid, a blasted kid!" he said, fiercely, and then went calm.

"Fetch a length of rope," said Richard to Henderson, "not too thick."

And a couple of minutes later he was climbing steadily. The others retreated so that they could watch him, and neither spoke. Still the bricks were flying down, and still black billows of smoke poured from the mouth of the stack.

Richard could just be seen, a dark outline against grey. They heard shouts from the street, and a moment or two after the sergeant came running up.

"He'll be killed!" he exclaimed.

"Be quiet!" said Jim, in a low voice.

Richard was nearing the top, and Jim held his breath as he saw him pause. Had Derwood seen him? If he had, nothing could save Richard from being swept off that sheer wall by the stones cast down.

"Oh!" groaned Jim, and he began to pray.

And then, high up, there came a long-drawn, demoniacal cry, and the next instant Henderson shrieked and hid his face. Derwood had thrown himself down.

A thing of whirling limbs he came, and the three below heard the thud as he reached the earth. The sergeant and Henderson ran towards him, but Graill remained rigid, his eyes straining upwards.

Then he made a trumpet with his hands and sent out a thin penetrating call.

"Dick, Dick. Hang on. Take your time. He's down."

Richard needed no telling. He had seen the black figure flash by, and the dreadful sight had made him sick and dizzy. His whole body shook as with ague, and grimly, tenaciously, he fought the conviction that he must surely fall.

The stack was gently swaying, as stacks do, even when the wind is light, and he closed his eyes.

Then came Jim's call, quivering, appealing, and his nerves went taut as wire.

He commenced to descend, using no haste, seeing nothing, but rhythmically, unfaltering, his feet took downward steps, and he did not know he had reached the bottom until he felt arms about him.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

THE POOR MAN'S MOTOR.

AN EXHILARATING SPORT AND ITS POSSIBILITIES.

The poor man's motor, to be frank, is a motor-cycle. It is a pity that it is not that "second-hand little car, running at a low upkeep, and owned by a co-partnership of two, three, or even four." Nevertheless it is not.

For one thing, that second-hand little car—a two-seater, say, owned by two—will not run at a really low up-keep, and if it is bought at anything like a low figure, ten to one it will not run many miles at all at any upkeep large or small, except in theory. Hence the motor-cycle.

I think I hear someone grunt "Motor-cycle! Ugh! Wouldn't ride one if I were paid for it."

But wait! As a motor-cyclist myself, and an enthusiastic one, I will go further than I have done, and call the steed you perhaps despise—or, whisper it gently! very mistakenly fear—not only the "poor man's motor," but the "man's motor," too.

Not for nothing does H. G. Wells in "Tono-Bungay" introduces us to the phenomenon of a hero who, realising his general "slackness," takes the "chance of the road" on a motor-cycle, to brace up his nerves, quicken his powers of judgment, harden himself physically, and generally help turn him into a man of resource and some nerve and courage, instead of a mere "slouch."

Motoring, in the generally accepted sense—on a car—is delightful. Motor-cycling—though less comfortable—is more than delightful, it is sport. Dangerous? The least little bit so, and nothing more.

One can kill oneself on a motor-cycle, if one tries. But one need not try. One can, by the simple experience of riding, "brace up one's nerves, quicken one's powers of judgment," and thoroughly enjoy oneself.

To drive anything with that judgment, that control which spells success, is one of the finest pleasures of life, and bowling merrily by motor-cycle through three counties a day, taking the hills and corners artistically, as motor-cyclists will understand, can give that pleasure.

Weight, unreliability, vibration, and all that "tommy-rot"—for it is "tommy-rot"—you may honestly cease to trouble about. As for cost, twenty pounds will buy a good, honest bike—unless you are "bilked," as your horsey friend sometimes is—that will make that thirty-five or fifty-pound car on the road the inconvenient piece of useless lumber it is.

Thirty-five pounds will even buy a good working bike and side car—a two-speeded, handle-starting, three-wheeled car, in fact. Fifty pounds will buy motor-cycling luxury.

As for upkeep, five shillings a week—the boasted figure of some "small car-ists"—should be good for anything from two hundred miles upwards, everything for the machine, petrol, tyres, depreciation, and so on, included.

Sport, in fact, is at hand for the "young" man of anything like fair average physical health, whatever his years, in the motor-cycle, for fifteen pounds or twenty pounds down and five "bob" a week, while comfort as well as sport can be had for thirty-five pounds upwards and the same five bob.

J. A. GRIMSHAW.

AN UNPLEASING ADVENTURE.

I CHANGE MY DIGS

It was all the result of that beastly holiday. If I hadn't enjoyed myself so well I should have returned home in a more contented frame of mind.

That is the worst of holidays. If they don't pan out according to expectations you lament the money you have thrown away on them; if they do, you go back from them dismal as a November fog, ready to quarrel with everything and everybody connected with the ordinary routine of life. Whichever way it is, providing that you have any respect for tradition at all, you are dead broke at the end of it.

This partly explains why I fell out with Mrs. Parkes. Perhaps she made a mistake by opening the front door for me. I was quite competent to open it myself; my latch-key would have worked all right if she had allowed me another minute or two, and all I wanted was to proceed silently to my room and to bed.

CORNERED.

She wouldn't let me. She blocked my path and bombarded me with questions. I put down my portmanteau and sat upon it while she talked.

It was the more objectionable because Mrs. Parkes is red-faced and rotund, and you can see her tongue working as she speaks, while an hour or two before I had undergone a sad and subdued leave-taking with a little lady who was the exact antithesis of my garrulous landlady. I forget her name now, but she was doubtless my affinity.

However, I escaped at last, and fondly imagined that my troubles were over for the night. But oh no!

Have you ever noticed the expression that your rooms wear after you have been absent from them for a fortnight? An accusatory wife isn't in it. They will have nothing whatever to do with you. They preserve a chill aloofness, a manner of shocked contempt.

THE ACCUSING DIGS.

They know precisely what you have been up to while you were away, and they tell you plainly and unmistakably that the best thing you can do is to clear off back again.

I sat on a chair, feeling guilty and miserable.

I thought of the happy people I had left behind, and conjured up visions of them indulging in irresponsible gaiety; I thought of my own wretched lot, of work on Monday, of the long weary grind until summer and holiday came again; I looked down the vista of hopeless years spent in toil and loneliness, and I looked upon the photograph that my affinity had presented me with.

Then I crept silently to bed.

The next morning I quarrelled with Mrs. Parkes. Don't imagine that this was a consequence of ill-temper; it was a rebellion against injustice. I do not belong to the craven fraternity that endure persecution without a murmur. On the contrary, wrong done to me always rouses me to righteous indignation, especially when the wrong consists of a demand to pay when I don't happen to possess the money.

I had got fivepence-ha'penny and two penny stamps when Mrs. Parkes tendered her bill for a fortnight's rent that morning. I gazed at it, and I gazed at her broad, anticipatory smile. Financial transactions on the Sabbath always appear to me to be in very bad taste.

"All right, Mrs. Parkes," said I, politely. "All right," I assured her.

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir," said Mrs. Parkes, "if it would be convenient to yer *now*." The smile became sinister.

It is a rule of mine never to admit impecuniosity to anybody, except, perhaps, the pal who may be persuaded to lend me a trifle. Hence I searched my mind for a counter-attack.

"Look here," said I, staring more closely at the bill. "You've charged me full price for the rooms while I've been away."

"Well, what of it?" asked Mrs. Parkes with suspicion.

"The usual thing is to pay half," said I.

"Ho, indeed!" said Mrs. Parkes. "And where d'ye get that idea from?"

WHAT EVERY MAN KNOWS.

I told her I got it from nowhere; that it was one of the fundamental truths inbred in every honest person.

"Ho! indeed!" said Mrs. Parkes once more. "Well, I never heard tell of it, and, what's more, I don't believe it."

She then proceeded to quote numerous precedents of lodgers who had paid considerably more for the rooms than my paltry figure, whether on holiday or otherwise; drew insulting comparisons between my habits and theirs, declared that I was no gentlemen and that she would have me understand that she was a honest woman, she was.

Accumulating wrath, she reached pinnacles of eloquence that it would be both improper and impossible to describe, and only descended when the gas gave out and left her panting. I had never imagined that she knew so much about my family.

Seizing the opportunity, I informed her with equal heat that after this I should take jolly good care I didn't remain beneath her wretched roof a day beyond next Saturday, to which she retorted that I could go now, and good riddance, but she would take precious notice I didn't have my belongings till I paid up, not if she died for it.

I GO.

I told her we should see about that, and hinted that her premature demise would only be appropriate punishment for the attempt to take advantage of my youth and innocence, as well as cause infinite pleasure to myself. Then I walked out.

As I have before indicated, when anger fires me I am capable of desperate things. I went round to see Bob Pritchard, and got him to lend me a sovereign on my watch. Bob Pritchard is a friend, mark you, not a pawnbroker; but he never makes loans without security. The habit is not without wisdom.

"It's iniquitous," said Bob, after he had heard my story. "It's scandalous," he said. "Don't you put up with it, old chap. You clear out right away."

Then he deposited my gold watch—for which an affectionate aunt gave twelve pounds ten before I offended her—in his trousers' pocket, and bade me a sympathetic good-bye.

The next thing was to find fresh diggings, which was easy, and then to take a cab and drive up in state to Mrs. Parkes's.

"You takes your things," said Mrs. Parkes, "when you've paid up."

She stood between me and the door of my room; her fat red arms were bare to the elbow and streaked with flour, and I confess I didn't like the look of her.

"It is degrading to *me* to argue over money," said I, handing over the fifteen shillings. Then I entered to pack up my things.

The conglomerated treasures of a lifetime, I soon found, are not to be packed into a twenty-four-inch portmanteau and a brief bag.

For instance, there were thirty-three books, four pairs of boots, a fishing-basket, two fencing masks with foils complete, a glass case containing the largest trout ever caught in the Severn (I didn't catch it, but I never contradict admirers who assume otherwise), dumb-bells, pictures, trouser-press, tobacco jar, a saddle-bag chair (bought at a sale in a fit of madness one day), and a few other far from insignificant trifles left after I had packed the aforesaid portmanteau and bag to bursting point.

THE REMOVAL.

I stood in the middle of a weltering confusion and looked about with a troubled eye. Mrs. Parkes filled the doorway, an interested spectator. Her sinister smile had returned.

I fetched up the cabby.

"Now, then," said I. "Give a hand."

He stared round.

"All this, guv'nor," said he. "Sure you don't want a Pickford's van?"

"I want nothing," said I, "but for you to shut your mouth."

It was a dismal business. I withhold details, so painful are they to my memory. After the cabby had tripped and fallen headlong with my third three books he lost his temper and struck work until I agreed to make his fare a "dollar." This threw me back again on fivepence-ha'penny and two stamps, and I had had no dinner. The difficulty was making my determination known.

THE PROCESSION.

We got everything in the cab save the saddle-bag chair and myself. An army of small boys had collected and were loud with gratuitous advice. One suggested that the chair on top of the cab and myself on top of the chair would be effective. Another wanted to know if I was right for the time.

The crowd grew until traffic was impeded and a policeman came. He said: "Come on, move on now, unless you wants to be taken inter custody." Windows were thrown up and heads thrust out. The horse, alarmed at the cheers, refused to budge.

When eventually it did consent it did it with much of a hurry that the chair jerked off the top of the cab and fell on a fashionable shop girl's hat. She said she'd hold me responsible for the damages. Meanwhile an ominous sound of breakages came from within the cab. I thought of the glass case and the pictures and groaned.

We set off at the pace of a funeral, I walking at the side of the cab, the crowd following behind. Such a spectacle a London street never witnessed before.

The procession was headed by a few excited boys who marched with great solemnity playing a travesty of the Dead March in Saul on instruments, led by a single mouth-organ. Then came the cab looking like a triumphal car in a circus, with the empty chair on top and two small urchins standing like lackeys behind, and then the ever-increasing crowd.

MY RECEPTION.

My new landlady stood on her doorstep, her face with delight that changed into monstrous wrath when she recognised me. Fortunately she was the sort whom astonishment makes speechless.

She raised her hands; she made a feeble attempt to prevent my entrance, but by now I was ready for homicide. I pushed past, and on getting to my room, sat down and buried my head in my hands. An outbreak of cheering aroused me. I went wearily back. Some stump orator was standing on my saddle-bag chair declaiming against the indignities done to some individual in far-off Spain.

I knocked him out of it; then, hurriedly, fearfully, the cabby and I unshipped the cargo, flinging it through the open door, to the accompaniment of encouraging applause from the multitude.

ARTHUR JACKSON.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

V. J. R. (Hampstead).—What gives you the idea that we are anti-Semitic? We have many Jewish friends, and thorough good sports they are, too.

E. H. R. (Liberia).—Heartiest thanks for congratulations. We wonder where THE MODERN MAN *doesn't* get to!

H. A. H. (Penarth).—We agree with you that a man can't do his best at mental work if he has been taking it out of himself with an excess of exercise, but, at the same tume, you should not neglect exercise altogether, no matter how hard you are studying. We've been through it and we know. Best of luck to you in that examination, by the way.

J. F. E. (Coventry).—Many thanks for photo. Our collection now is fine, but we won't be happy till we've had every reader's photo. Every reader has had ours.

F. G. (Cardiff).—Glad to hear that the story, "In His Own Juice," coincided exactly with your own experiences. We are careful to stick to facts in these matters.

A. S. (Lisbon), tells us that we were quite right in warning readers that his line of business (that of steward on a passenger steamer) is full up. He adds: "A man who has a decent job on shore is a blamed fool if he doesn't stick to it."

C. R. O. (Manchester).—You can't learn commercial travelling from books, but only from experience. What you need for success in this line is plenty of common-sense, much patience, tact, and sympathy—and a thick skin.

J. E. C. (Manchester).—We don't propose to issue an index.

A. L. (Huddersfield).—Stick to your job. Your talent for spouting is not likely to bring you money. Anybody can spout if he has self-confidence and limited knowledge.

L. McC. (Inverness).—Don't long too much for London life. There are two sides to every question, and if you are bored with the loneliness of the Highlands you must remember that there are thousands of Londoners who would change places with you.

H. C. F. (Penzance).—Certainly, have a pair of boots with the tongue stitched to the uppers all the way. Such boots are necessities for a man who likes to tramp on muddy roads.

G. A. T. (Birmingham). — Your helplessness amazes us. Obviously the only way to get such a job as you require is to watch the advertising columns of the daily newspapers.

C. R. (Bolton).—Brown leather vests are all right for motoring, but hardly the thing for wearing with a lounge suit. If you want warmth and smartness combined, get a grey doeskin vest.

J. H. (Chesterfield).—It does not pay you to make fretwork boards for yourself. Turning them out in quantities as they do, the manufacturers can supply you with a better article than you could make, and at a lower price.

G. C. M. (Winchester).—The rubber ring for holding the spokes of an umbrella together is quite out of date. Get a gamp with a metal slide which comes down over the top of the spokes and holds them firmly in place. When they are fixed in this way it is not necessary to roll the umbrella up.

G. L. (Leith).—We can very well appreciate your struggles, because we have been hard up ourselves. What we admire you for is your pluck in keeping your end up throughout it all.

H. A. (Warwick).—It is, as you say, a great pity that the majority of cycling clubs discontinue their Saturday afternoon runs during the winter season. For our own part, there is nothing we like better than to cycle in the wet—except, of course, to ride on horseback.

F. R. B. (Sheffield).—Whoever said the "King's Own" was the only Yeomanry regiment in the country? We only think it is the best, and we don't think much of any trooper who doesn't believe the same thing of his own regiment, whatever it is.

TRIUMPH OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

DISCOVERER RECEIVES HIGHEST AWARD OF ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.

Distinguished by Emperor of Austria for his Scientific Skill.

Cheerful News to all Sufferers from RHEUMATISM, GOUT, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, &c.

INSTANT RELIEF FROM PAIN.

At the recent Medical Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, was exhibited for the first time in England one of the greatest advances in medical science for many years — viz., "Samol," an instantaneous pain reliever and certain cure for rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica, &c. The exhibit was visited by hundreds of the best-known doctors in England, all of whom expressed their complete and unqualified approval of the preparation, and are at the present time using it with great success in the most obstinate cases of rheumatism and kindred ailments with which they are acquainted.

WHAT MEDICAL SCIENCE ACHIEVED.

The grateful thanks of sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, &c., and of those affected with pain are due to Dr. Scheuble, Ph.D. of Vienna, who has given to suffering humanity the benefit of his genius after long researches in the field of medical science. He has set himself the task of utilising the most effective elements known to medical science for dissolving and expelling uric acid from the system and for the immediate relief of pain in such a manner as to free them from their harmful qualities, while yet retaining all their curative properties in a more pronounced degree. This new discovered element is named "Samol." In addition to boasting the above-named qualities, that is to say, the most powerful agencies, embodied in a most gentle and refined combination of an ointment, "Samol" possesses also vastly increased penetrating powers, so that the uric acid deposits in the system cannot fail to be reached by this highly absorbable element, whose tremendous dissolving powers play havoc with the poisonous matter in the human system. "Samol" is equally effective in allaying inflammation and irritation.

Dr. Scheuble, the Discoverer of the Infallible Cure for Rheumatism, Gout, &c.

By combining the elements in the manner above described—elements, the value and importance of which have long been known to the Medical World—Dr. Scheuble accomplished the seemingly impossible, and for this he received the highest award from the Academy of Science at Vienna; he further received a unique recognition from the Emperor of Austria for his Scientific skill.

All sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, &c., may now congratulate themselves upon having at their disposal a means which will enable them to successfully combat one of the most dreaded and refractory enemies of the human anatomy. For, immediately "Samol" is applied to the painful parts the pain will be relieved and repeated application will free the system from all poisonous matter, which causes such complaints as Rheumatism, Gout, &c.

MAGNIFICENT RECORDS OF THE NEW DISCOVERY.

It is common knowledge that it is exceedingly difficult for new specifics to gain admission to medical circles and hospitals, and the refusal of recognition is in nearly all cases justified on account of the quack nature of such preparations. But in the case of "Samol" the highest distinctions awarded to the discoverer have formed the best and most desirable letters of introduction to the public and the medical profession, who extended to it the enthusiastic welcome which it heartily deserves on account of its highly approved merits and value.

English physicians have already had the opportunity of showing their unqualified approval of, and warmest interest in, the new discovery at the Medical Exhibition, and the hearty recommendations they have extended to "Samol" in a comparatively short time sufficiently demonstrate the great importance and value which medical men in this counnry attach to this magnificent remedy, so that a splendid reception by the suffering public may be taken for granted.

"Samol" is prescribed in all hospitals in Austria-Hungary and by the leading Medical Professors and Physicians on the Continent.

Dr. Eduard Miglitz (Chief Physician to the Hospital of the Brothers of Charity, Graz) says: "I have used 'Samol' and found it extremely efficacious and reliable in all cases of rheumatic ailments, also in neuralgia, and I am very satisfied with the good results obtained from this preparation."

Dr. Alois Kohn (Imperial Councillor and Chief Physician to the Law Court, Teschen) says: "I have obtained excellent results with 'Samol' in rheumatic and gouty cases. 'Samol' is a great pain reliever, and I wish the new preparation universal success and appreciation."

Dr. Hainiss Geza (University Lecturer, Imperial Councillor and Chief Physician to St. Stephen's Hospital, Budapest) says: "'Samol' has been of great benefit to the little patients at this hospital suffering from rheumatism of the muscles and joints. It is an efficient reliever of pain."

Prof. Dr. Arsai Arthur (Chief Physician to St. Margaret's Hospital, Budapest) writes: "I beg to inform you that I have tried 'Samol' in my private practice as well as in my hospital work, using it in cases of rheumatic pains."

Dr. Emil Neumann (District Physician of Huhnerwasser) says: "'Samol' was of remarkably quick action in cases of lumbago."

Dr. Bartholamaus Widder (the Institute of Orthopædia, Budapest): "'Samol' has proved itself specially efficacious in acute cases of rheumatism of the joints. 'Samol' is rubbed into the joints for about fifteen minutes, and after three or four applications the pain disappears in general cases. Whilst relieving pain it never produces any ill effects, and is very effective in cases of sciatica. Massage with the ointment is excellent in cases of bruises and contusion of the joints."

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

Rub the ointment gently into the affected part, when the pain will at once disappear. At the same time the uric-acid dissolving elements will enter the system and neutralise the poisonous matter, which is eliminated from the body in the ordinary course of secretion. Repeated application will ultimately rid the system from uric acid and other extraneous deposits, and thus procure full restoration to perfect health.

A UNIQUE APPEAL AND CHALLENGE

is hereby made to all sufferers to verify the remarkable statements made above, and to satisfy themselves of the magnificent curative properties of "Samol" by taking advantage of the following exceptional offer—viz., a 1s. 1½d. tube for 7d., post free. We can afford to abide by the issue, as we are confident as to your verdict.

In order to bring a trial supply of this marvellous cure within reach of everybody, we have made arrangements for the distribution of a limited number of the 1s. 1½d. tubes through the public Press at the greatly reduced price of 7d. only. Those who wish to avail themselves of this unprecedented offer should apply at once, as it will be withdrawn as soon as the limited supply is exhausted.

"Samol" can be obtained in tubes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, at Messrs. Harrod's, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Army and Navy Stores, &c. The 2s. 9d. tube contains more than three, and the 4s. 6d. tube six times the quantity of a 1s. 1½d. tube of "Samol."

Full directions for use in all ailments and emergencies are enclosed with each tube.

For special offer address your application, enclosing sevenpence (postal order for 6d. with 1d. stamp affixed) to The Selecta Manufacturing Co., 440, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

READY-MADE WAISTCOATS.

If you are thinking of having a fancy waistcoat made to measure, my advice is—don't.

You may imagine that you will get a better fit by this means, but even that is doubtful, for most tailors and outfitters keep a stock of waistcoats which will provide a fit for any man with an average figure.

Moreover, quite apart from the fact that the fitting of a waistcoat is not so important as that of other garments, there are various details of style and pattern that can only be appreciated when the vest is made up, and though you may have a very clear idea as to what you want, the tailor may not grasp it, and he may miss some of the most essential points of your design.

A NEAT IDEA.

If you are intending to have a waistcoat made to order, however, here is an idea that looks very neat, and is certainly out of the common.

Many fancy waistcoats are made with straight stripes, and the stuff is usually made up so that these run vertically from top to bottom.

Why not have them so arranged that they run diagonally and parallel with the lines of the opening? They will thus form a series of V's, which if the stripes are not too pronounced, will have a very neat effect and will give an appearance of better development to the chest.

I saw a waistcoat cut on this plan the other day, and the material had a dark grey background with narrow black stripes across it.

The diagonal lines conformed very well to the cut of the fashionable waistcoat with a medium-sized opening and long points in front, which made the bottom edge of the vest from the hips to the point run almost parallel with them.

The cost of this waistcoat, however, was a guinea, and it is possible to get a very presentable fancy waistcoat for considerably less than that.

On the other hand, it is very difficult to find a really distinctive pattern among a ready-made stock. If you want distinction and style in waistcoats you must pay for it, but see that your tailor is endowed with a certain amount of common-sense and understands your instructions.

THE RETURN OF THE CAP BUTTON.

It is not so very long ago since the button at the top of the cloth cap became unfashionable. It has already returned to popularity, aided, perhaps, by the manufacturers, who are thus enabled to dispose of what remains of their original stock, and who thus manage to create a new demand from those who wish to keep up with the times.

The coming into general favour of the so-called "motor-cap," with the top cut flat in one piece and full at the sides, drove out the old pattern of cap, which was composed of a series of triangles, of which the points were concealed at the top by a button.

Nevertheless, I have it on the authority of a prominent outfitter, that the button is once more fashionable, and I for one am glad of it, for I have two or three caps of the older pattern which are more comfortable and less clumsy than the "motor cap."

I have continued to wear them occasionally, for I could not find it in my heart to part with them, but I can now wear them without any fear of appearing behind the times.

There may be others in the same case who will welcome the fact that the button is once more "correct." It is not likely to oust the flat motor cap from popularity, but probably both styles will remain in fashion.

CAP MATERIALS.

I noticed a cap the other day, of the button variety, which was made of some material that was something between Bedford cord and corduroy. It had ridges in it, of which the lines converged towards the centre button, and it seemed to me to look very well.

I was not able to see exactly the stuff of which it was made, but it looked not unlike corduroy without the velvety surface.

Many men when having a cap made for them, choose the material of the suit with which they intend to wear it.

I do not think this is a good plan. A cap that one can wear with any suit is far more useful.

Moreover, if your cap and suit are all of the same stuff, there is usually a horrible sameness about your appearance that is by no means desirable.

The cap is better made of some material which could not possibly be used for a suit, and should be of some non-committal shade—greys and greens seem to be most popular—which will not clash with anything else you may wear.

"NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."

The recent Leather Exhibition held in London has shown how the fashions are tending with regard to footwear.

The boot with a patent-leather golosh and an upper part of cloth or fawn, grey or brown leather, seems to be becoming even more popular than it was last season.

The reign of the sharply-pointed toe for town boots is a thing of the past, and, though we are not to go back to the old-fashioned square toe, the pattern that is chiefly stocked now contrives to combine comfort with elegance.

The rise in the price of leather—especially that of sole-leather—will undoubtedly tend to reduce the wearing quality of the cheaper boots; but the more expensive class of boot—from fifteen to thirty shillings, say—will not be greatly affected, for here it is workmanship rather than material which adds to the price.

This is a point worth remembering for those who cannot afford to spend a large amount on their footgear.

Boots will, no doubt, continue to be produced at the same prices as formerly; but it will be sound economy to pay a little more for them and to ensure getting a reasonable amount of wear out of them.

"Nothing like leather" is the motto of the trade; yet some of us live to learn that there are various things that *look* quite like it, in the shape of brown paper, papier maché, and so on, but there the resemblance ceases.

HOW TO INSERT A TIE-PIN.

A reader writes complaining that he can never fix his tie-pin without tearing his tie.

I am inclined to think that this shows rather a lack of skill on the part of the wearer than on that of the maker of the pin.

Most scarf-pins are made with a screw thre on the shank of the pin, the object of this bein of course, to prevent the pin falling out of the t

It is obvious that if the pin be driven straig down through the tie a very much larger ho than is necessary will be made, and the screw w be useless for keeping the pin in place.

It must, of course, be put in with a twist, an though it is not necessary to turn it round as round as if you were putting a screw into a bit wood, the result of adopting this plan would pro bably be most satisfactory.

A pin is useless if it has not a sharp point, an if you possess one that has not, it is only fair to your ties to grind it down on a hone, or even a doorstep, until it has.

The secret of getting a tie-pin to sit well, and at the same time to fulfil a useful purpose, is to stick it through your shirt as well as through both ends of your tie.

If the pin be put only through the tie, even if the latter be kept in place by means of a tie-clip, the head of the pin has a tendency to stick outwards, and the point of it to stick into your chest, and the result is that, unless it is protected by a piece of cork or some such device, the tie-pin will sooner or later fall out and be lost.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.

Price 5/9 Carriage Paid.

I SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome polished Oak. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied.

Send for Illustrated List, Free.

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

THE BEST FITTING AND BEST TAILORED EVENING DRESS SUIT IN LONDON.

Now is the time when a man feels the need of a new Evening Dress Suit for the coming Winter Season.

Last year's suit is, perhaps, still presentable, but you know you are not looking your best in it, and at a dance you want to appear as well as possible.

Our new Evening Dress Suit is absolutely the latest in cut, style and finish, and yet, owing to the magnitude of our business, we can produce it for the remarkably low sum of

63/-

The material is Elastic Twill or Black Vicuna.

We guarantee a Perfect Fit by Post.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

This is a sample of style and fit. We give it.

J. & H. ELLIS,

The Smart Set Tailors,

201, STRAND, W.C.,

And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Wellington boots and spurs, size 7½ to 8, 10s. 6d.; Yeomanry leggings, 9s.; field-glasses, 10s.; ladies' opera-glasses, 12s. 6d.; punching ball, 9s. 6d.; silver watch, 10s. 6d., perfect condition.—H. Croft, 52, Chesilton Road, Fulham, S.W.

Knitted scarves in wool, silk, or mercerised cotton. Plain or club colours. Prices: wool, 3s. 11d.; mercerised cotton, 2s. 11d.; silk, 8s. 11d. upwards. Post free.—Chesterton Hosiery Company, 2, Fisher Street, Victoria Road, Cambridge.

Carnival uniform wanted, Hussar, silver-laced, slung jacket, breast cords, waist sash, sabre-tache, busby, &c.; must be cheap.—Box 1374, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C

Scout master's complete khaki uniform, will suit fellow 5ft. 6in., cost 23s.—Box 1381, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Burberry slip-on, medium, 5ft. 6in.; exchange liver spaniel dog, 12 months old, over distemper, good ratter.—Box 1382, "Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, officer's khaki great coat, height 5ft. 10in., chest 43in.—Box 1383, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For breeches and leggings, see Bedford & Co. advertisement, page 15.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

New half-plate stand camera, Beck lens, Thornton-Pickard shutter, frame, dishes, lamp, &c.; complete outfit; bargain, 60s.—Box 1378, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, a Sandow developer, 8s.; and a powerful pair of field-glasses, £1; cost £2 10s.; or the two for 25s., a bargain.—Box 1376, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A manly grip quickly developed by simple inexpensive appliance; post free, 1s.—Box 1373, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching ball, fixes floor and ceiling, full size, 10s. or nearest offer.—Box 1369, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Boxing gloves, set of 4, nearly new; cost 12s. 6d., accept 7s. 6d.—Box 1375, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

70s. zonophone and 33 records, quite new, £5; or will take punch-ball and anything useful part payment; no rubbish; approval.—Box 1391, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Bull terrier, dog, 10 months, good breed, all white, 30s., or nearest offer.—Box 1367, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sale, bulldog; good pedigree; price 50s.—Jolly, 29, Wickworth Street, Nelson Lane.

Dog food.—See Molassine advt., page 19.

POULTRY YARD.

Eleven brown Leghorn hens, 1908, some will soon lay, 33s.—Box 1384, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Nine Pocock's patent egg-boxes for sale, 20 doz. size, nearly new. What offers?—Box 1392, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

TIRED? . . . . . We sell 28in. by 1½in. cycle-tire covers with a twelve months' written guarantee at 5s. 6d. each, post free in United Kingdom. Approval. Postcard brings full particulars.—Burden's, 17, Shaftesbury Square, Belfast.

Gentleman's 24in. Rover, complete, with Palmer and non-skid tyres, plated rims, in a grand condition, cost £7; bargain, £2 18s. 6d.—Box 1385, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Singer, gentleman's Modele de Luxe, 26in., Sturmey 3-speed, Dunlops, Brooks' saddle, roller lever brakes, practically new, £6 10s.—Box 1386, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

Gentleman's free wheel cycle, all accessories, 30s.; exchange blankets, poultry, anything useful.—Box 1387, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's free wheel bicycle, B.S.A. throughout, Brooks' saddle, Clincher tyres, Bowden and front rim brakes, accessories; £3 10s., or near offer.—1388, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Guinea correspondence classes for all sanitary examinations.—Write, Barlow Bennett, 26, Park Lane, Darlington.

Harmsworth's Encyclopædia, in 8 vols., beautifully bound, as new; cost £2 13s. 4d. What offers?—Box 1389, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Practical Wildfowling and other similar books, cheap.—Box 1390, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Shorthand.—See Sloan-Duployan advt., page 19.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Young man (21) seeks a situation in any capacity. Trustworthy, abstainer.—F. H., 4, Clara Place, Woolwich.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

MEDICAL.

A decent mouth! Two valuable prescriptions for tooth powder and mouth wash; P.O. 6d.—Box 1379, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The A.J.B. Drycell for bells and medical purposes; absolutely the best on the market; 1s., post free.—A.J.B. Co., 22, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

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Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

The world-famed "Handy" benches for all amateur woodworkers. Specially designed benches for motor-house. Enclose 2d. stamps for latest catalogue.—Hardy Bros., Bench Manufacturers, Bradford.

Wanted, Nos. 2 and 8 of MODERN MAN, 3d. each, or reasonable price given.—Box 1380, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Agents wanted in every town and village to sell our real Simulation gold watches. Send 3s. 6d. P.O. to-day for sample watch.—Wellworth, Norwood-road, Herne Hill.

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The owners of the first 6 orders opened by us each morning will receive a useful present free; hollow ground razor, razor strop, and shaving brush, post free, 2s. 1d. K.C. briar pipe, rubber tobacco pouch, and fancy match-box, post free, 2s. 1d.—Box 1372, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Beautiful carved ivory opera-glasses, and 18-carat gold and pearl ring, five beautiful pearls; £3 3s. the two.—Box 1377, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bargain.—Columbia gramophone, condition as new, about 50 records. Cost nearly £12 last June; sacrifice £5, or nearest offer.—Box 1370, "The Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Accurate Horoscope and year's events; send P.O. 6d. and stamped envelope.—Prof. Libra, North Road, Cardiff.

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Full List of 1,500 Special Bargains, Post Free.

10S. 6D.—Gent's 18-carat Gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper; ten years' warranty. Also Double Curb Albert, Seal attached, same quality. Three together, great sacrifice, 10s. 6d., worth £2 2s. Approval willingly before payment.

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12S. 6D.—Real Russian Furs—latest style. Magnificent rich dark sable brown, 8ft. long Granville Stole, deep shaped collar, richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed 12 Russian tails and heads, and handsome large Granny Muff to match. Together, great sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Sent for inspection quite privately before payment.

9S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 9s. 6d. Approval.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers,

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TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS

(Containing a Week's Supply)

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

The Great Brain and Nerve Tonic and Restorative.

A sustaining and life-giving element remarkable in its powers of curing and relieving all the Brain and Nervous affections, individually known as

Nervous Headache	Over-Sensitiveness	Moroseness	Despondency or Depression
Insomnia or Sleeplessness	Loss of Memory	Dizziness	Morbid Forebodings
Mental Exhaustion	Neuritis	Trembling	Irritability
Lassitude	Neurasthenia	Restlessness	Nervous Palpitations
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St. Vitus' Dance	Faintness	Nervous Debility	
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And General Brain and Nerve Exhaustion.

Of All Chemists, Stores, etc., 9½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d.

FACSIMILE OF FREE BOTTLE.

WHY THE BRAIN & NERVES NEED PHOSPHORUS.

It is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must give back to the brain and nerves the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be supplied with the one element they alone are in need of, and so maintained in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

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FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 " - 10 " 20 "
10 to 14 " - 20 " 30 "
15 to 20 " - 30 " 45 "
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THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORN &C. HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD
PREPARED BY
GORDON, MURRAY & CO. Ltd
10, Adam Street,
Strand, London, W.C

Sign This Coupon.

To GORDON, MURRAY, & CO., Ltd.,
10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Sirs,—Please send me a TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS of Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Also 24-paged Pamphlet. I enclose FOUR PENNY STAMPS to cover the expenses of postage, packing, and dispatching. I promise never to make a second application for a trial Bottle either directly or through any third party.

Signature and Address.....

D.X. 39.....

TRIAL BOTTLES CANNOT BE SENT ABROAD.

THE REAL ACTION OF PHOSPHORUS IN THE SYSTEM.

The action of Phosphorus in the human system may be briefly stated as the element of activity in the brain and nervous system. As the muscular and bony structures require gelatine, fibrine, and earthy matter for their support and sustenance, so do the brain and nervous system need the one element — Phosphorus — for their renewal and preservation. If the expenditure of nervous force exceeds its normal amount, the store of Phosphorus is diminished, and until its deficiency is made good vital action languishes; the brain and the whole of the bodily organs act with a waning vigour.

One of the ugliest features of our complex civilisation is the alarming prevalence of what is styled "Nervous breakdown."

Its causes are only too well known; but only recently has the full import of the part Free Phosphorus plays come to be recognised. The habits, occupation, incessant worry, late hours, and unnatural modes of living, which seem to follow civilisation, have the effect of depleting the human system of its necessary supply of Phosphorus.

The more immediate results are the loss of appetite, nausea, heartburn, flatulence, dizziness, sick headache, failure of physical and mental vigour, sleeplessness, distressing sense of weight and fulness in the stomach, all of which are known as dyspepsia and liver complaints.

Cases of every class have been treated with this new form of Phosphorus. The prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable in every position in life, have been gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the temper cheerful, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

CURES ALL NERVE COMPLAINTS

BEST FOR BRAIN AND NERVES

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